

THE

SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

Dinnis: The Magic Girdle

Henry: Playing with Names

MacDonald: The Holy Mass

Gorrell: In "Medieval" Pittsburgh

Le Buffe: Catholic Youth in Action

Pulsford: The Shadow of the Cross

Chesterton: Third Thoughts Are Best

Belloc: Rules for Dealing with the Poor

Canton: The Burning of Abbot Spiridion

Schwegler: Haberdasher Turned Theologian

QUESTIONS & COMMUNICATIONS

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Aug. 25	St. Bartholomew
Sept. 8	Nativity of Mary
Sept. 22	St. Matthew
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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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The Church *and* Disarmament

IN view of a World Conference for the reduction and limitation of armaments, all thinking men should regard this problem as one of vital importance. And it is the plain duty of Catholics to know and make known what is the attitude of the Church on the subject of disarmaments as revealed in the pronouncements of the Holy See. These pronouncements are predicated on: (1) Christian Charity in International Life; (2) Arbitration by a Permanent Court of International Justice; (3) Established Methods of International Consultation and Coöperation; (4) The Moral Obligation to Keep Faith. These four principles are clearly expressed in Papal Teaching. Thus:



LEO XIII (Allocution *Nostis Errorem*, February 11, 1889): "Nothing is more important than to avert from Europe the danger of war, and thus all that can be done towards this end must be considered as a work of public safety. . . . The menacing multiplication of armies is calculated rather to excite rivalry and suspicions than to repress them. It troubles men's minds by a restless expectation of coming disasters, and meanwhile it weighs down the citizens with expenses so heavy that one may doubt whether they are not even more intolerable than war itself."



LEO XIII (Encyclical *Præclara Gratulationis*, June 20, 1894): "We behold the condition of Europe. For many years past peace has been rather an appearance than a reality. Possessed with mutual suspicions almost all the nations are vying with one another in equipping themselves with military armaments. Inexperienced youths are removed from parental direction and control to be thrown amid the dangers of the soldier's life; robust young men are taken from agriculture, or ennobling studies or trade, or the arts, to be put under arms. Hence, the treasures of the States are exhausted by the enormous expenditure, the national resources are frittered away, and private fortunes impaired, and this, as it were, armed peace which now prevails cannot last much longer. Can this be the normal condition of human society? Yet we cannot escape from this situation and obtain true peace except by the aid of Jesus Christ. . . ."



PIUS X (Letter to the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, June 11, 1911): "To compose differences, to restrain the outbreak of hostilities, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxieties of so-called armed peace is, indeed, most praiseworthy, and any effort to this cause, even though it may not immediately or wholly accomplish its purpose, manifests, nevertheless, a zeal which cannot but redound to the credit of its authors and be of benefit to the State."



BENEDICT XV (Encyclical *Ad Beatissimi*, November 1, 1914): "We implore those in whose hands are placed the fortune of nations to hearken to Our voice. Surely there are other ways and means whereby violated rights can be rectified. Let them be tried honestly and with good will, and let arms meanwhile be laid aside. It is impelled with love of them and of all mankind, without any personal interest whatever that We utter these words. Let them not allow these words of a friend and a father to be uttered in vain. . . . Our Lord Jesus Christ came down from Heaven for the very purpose of restoring amongst men the Kingdom of Peace, which the envy of the devil had destroyed, and it was His will that it should rest on no other foundation than that of brotherly love."

BENEDICT XV (Letter to the Heads of States engaged in War, August 1, 1917): "First of all, the fundamental point must be that the moral force of Right shall be substituted for the material force of Arms: thence must follow a just agreement of all for the simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments, in accordance with rules and guarantees to be established hereafter and to a degree consistent with the maintenance of public order within each State; next for the setting up in the place of armies of a Court of Arbitration with its high peace-making function, subject to regulations to be agreed on and sanctions to be determined against the State which should refuse either to submit its international disputes to arbitration or to accept an arbitral decision."



BENEDICT XV (Encyclical *Pacem Dei Munus Pulcherrimum*, May 23, 1920): "In the general restoration of justice and charity and reconciliation of nations it is much to be desired that all nations enter without misgiving into a general society, or rather family, for the purpose of protecting their individual independence and for the preservation of order. Such a comity of nations is recommended, amongst other reasons, by the widely felt need of abolishing or reducing military armaments which weigh so heavily on the resources of the State, and in this way war with its train of evils will be entirely avoided or at least rendered less menacing, and the liberty and territorial integrity of every nation safeguarded."



PIUS XI (Letter to the Archbishop of Genoa, April 7, 1922): "If, according to the fine motto of the Red Cross: *Inter arma caritas*, Christian charity should rule even during the clash of arms, this should be still more true when once arms are laid down and Treaties of Peace are signed. Indeed, international hatreds, sad heritage of war, turn to the disadvantage of the victor nations themselves and prepare for all a very dreadful future; for it must not be forgotten that the best guarantee of tranquillity is not a forest of bayonets, but mutual confidence and friendship."



PIUS XI (Apostolic Letter *Nova Impendet*, October 2, 1931): "Since the unbridled race in armaments, which on the one hand is the consequence of international rivalry, and on the other is the cause of enormous expenditure taken out of the resources available for the public well-being, is not the least of the reasons for the present crisis, We cannot refrain from renewing and making Our own the grave warning of Our Predecessor. We deplore the fact that it has not yet been heeded and We exhort you, Venerable Brethren, to employ every means at your disposal through preaching and through the Press to enlighten men's minds and to incline their hearts to the requirements of right reason and, even more, of the law of Christ."



IN the letter and spirit of this teaching by the Supreme Pontiffs all Catholics of all nationalities should endeavor to effect an international Concordat for the reduction of the armed forces of the civilized world.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

IRELAND'S magnificent Act of Faith simply beggars description. Not only was the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin the most colorful and impressive; it was also the most

The Irish President to the Papal Legate

far-reaching in results. Coming so soon after the Pope's ardent plea for united prayer and fasting, the vast assemblage of representatives from all over the world was a unique witness to the fervor and vitality of the Faith. It was only fitting, of course, that such an intensely Catholic country as Ireland should have been the scene of the greatest of all the Eucharistic Congresses. And it was most appropriate that the President of the Free State should voice the sentiments of the laity. Mr. De Valera addressed Cardinal Lauri in Irish and Latin. As we have seen no translation of the Latin address in the American Press, we reproduce it here:

"My Lord Cardinal; Your Eminence, and this audience of all Ireland and of our race throughout the world, will assuredly approve if in this Irish Hall of Assembly Your Eminence has been first saluted in our national language.

"The records of centuries past bear eloquent testimony to that loving zeal with which the Apostolic See has ever honored our nation. That special affection was ever the more amply given, in proportion to the sufferings of Ireland.

"Repeatedly, over more than 300 years, our people, ever firm in their allegiance to our ancestral faith, and unwavering even to death in their devotion to the See of Peter, endured in full measure unmerited trials by war, by devastation, and by confiscation.

"They saw their most sacred rights set at naught under an unjust domination. But repeatedly also did the Successors of Peter most willingly come to our aid, in the persons of Gregory XIII, Clement VIII, Paul V, Urban VIII, Innocent X, and many others of the line of Roman Pontiffs down to the present day.

"To-day, with no less favor and good-will, his Holiness Pope Pius XI has turned his august regard to our country, our Metropolitan city, in this present year, a year of deep significance for our people.

"Here are gathered not only our own Irish race, but in great numbers also other peoples of the entire world, united with us in race or in Faith, and unreservedly do they all share in our welcome. At this solemn time, Most Eminent Lord, has our Holy Father decreed to send your Eminence as his Legate to Ireland, from his City and State of the Vatican.

"With all veneration, respect and rejoicing, therefore, do we, the Government of Ireland, welcome your Eminence. By reason of our public office and its duties, it is most fitting that the Irish Government should not only assist in every way the great and

solemn function of the Eucharistic Congress here in Ireland, but also should take their due part and place in its proceedings.

"They have very special reason for this participation, when they recall how, by his teaching and by his repeated personal action, Pope Pius XI has rendered august service to civil society; while your Eminence, who here represents his person and his authority, has also for many years been united with many of your students, sons of the Irish race, in the noble pursuits of scholarship and of sacred learning.

"There is also for us a further cause of public rejoicing. At this time, when we welcome to Ireland this latest Legation from the Eternal City, we are commemorating the Apostolic Mission to Ireland, given fifteen centuries ago to St. Patrick, Apostle of our Nation.

"Who can fail on this day to recall to mind the utterance of our Apostle, recorded of old in the *Book of Armagh*: 'Even as you are children of Christ, be you also children of Rome.'

"Most notable, then, in conclusion, are these auspicious days for us, in that they have brought to our land, and into this our Irish Hall of Assembly, your Eminence, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Legate of the Apostolic See."



ONE passage in the address of the Most Reverend John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, to the men in Phoenix Park, during the Eucharistic Congress, deserves a permanent

Not Cathedrals but the Faith

place in our literature. After noting the vast concourse of pilgrims who had come "to honor the unnumbered martyrs whose sacrifices had made this island holy from sea to sea," that "they were guests of a race that had walked the purple shadow of the Cross, whose Passion-tide had endured for centuries," he continued:

"The kindly visitor from the Continent, as he looks around, may note with regret the absence of stately churches dedicated to Catholic service; nor know that many of those erected by Catholic hands are theirs no longer, and so he concludes that Ireland's Catholicity is nothing more than her memories and her ruins. He is mistaken. Italy may have her glorious basilicas; France her stately cathedrals; England her regrets, but Ireland has her holy places; her martyrs and her Mass rocks. But more than that, in the hearts of her people dwells a faith as adamant as the granite walls that guard their island home. Differing from some of her Northern sisters that have kept their cathedrals and lost their faith, Ireland's ancient cathedrals are gone, but the faith she has kept in all its pristine splendor.

In our study of the History of Ireland we have met no other statement that so succinctly sums up the story of a nation with a soul—a nation that lost the world to save its soul.

THERE has just been published at Madras the eighty-second annual issue of the Catholic Directory of India. One of its most interesting features is a statistical table giving the figures

Vast Growth of the Church in India

of the Catholic population in every diocese, parish and mission. The total of these figures for Catholics in India proper, Burma, Ceylon and the Malay States number 3,630,945. A novel department in the Directory lists the number of the catechumens (those under instruction for reception into the Church) as 114,363. The number of converts during 1931 is given as 28,544 for only 29 of the 56 dioceses. It is estimated that returns from the other 27 dioceses would practically double that number. Comparatively few American Catholics are aware of the fact that a vigorous missionary campaign is being carried on in India by American priests and nuns. The majority of the priests are Jesuit Fathers, from the Missouri Province, and Fathers of the Holy Cross, whose headquarters are located in Brookland, D. C. What can be accomplished in India by the remailing of Catholic literature in English may be learned from the lengthy communication from Father Lyons, S.J., in The Sign-Post of this issue (p. 31).

MAGISTRATES and civic leaders are deeply concerned about youthful lawlessness and the startling increase of crime. It is evident that large numbers of present-day youngsters

Juvenile Crime and the Irreligious Home

have not acquired even the rudiments of discipline and self-control. And this serious condition is to be generally attributed to the absence of religious training in the home, for unfortunately the moral principles now taught and maintained in the home are of the shallowest and most inferior description.

When youth, with its highest capacities neglected and untrained, get beyond the influence of the home the consequences of the lack of religion display their real characters. All the youth of our country are being taught by the moving pictures that adult life consists of excitement, novelty, successful trickery, love-making, and various kinds of sensationalism. The one idea that they have really absorbed, because it has been urged upon them as the object of their lives, is self-pleasing.

The rapid increase of juvenile crime is only one of the signs of deterioration in the home. The increase of crime, however considerable, refers only to a comparatively small minority of the young. What is immeasurably more serious is the increasing paganism of youth. This is not a question of class. It applies to the well-to-do and the educated quite as much as to the illiterate and the poor. Indeed, it even seems true to say that no class in the social scale is worse instructed in religion than that which, owing to its opportunities and resources, ought to be conspicuous in advancing the highest interests of human life.

If the present disorder is to be remedied, what is needed above all things is a revival of religion in the home. How that may be brought about is, indeed, a problem; for, as the young men and women of today marry and make homes of their own, what is happening repeatedly is that, if either of the married pair had any religion at all, it seems to evaporate under the neutralizing non-religious influence of the other. Instead of the religious partner imparting faith to the unbelieving, it is the irreligious who apparently deprives the religious of such faith as was formerly displayed. St. Paul's ideal was that the unbelieving husband was sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife was sanctified by the husband. But the modern home is reversing that. The believing husband is secularized by his wife, and the believing wife is secularized by her husband; in which case the religious prospect of the children, if, indeed, there are any, is pathetic. If, on the contrary, in mixed marriages of this sort, religion in either the man or the wife not only survives, but is a matter of genuine con-

viction, deep and strong, then certainly the believing parent will want the child to be brought up in the same religion. There are in the records of home life tragic examples of one parent's desperate endeavor to shield a child in matters of religion from the influence of the other.

In any really religious-minded parent, the irreligion of son or daughter must inflict a sorrow which is both lasting and profound. The existence of an impenetrable barrier between themselves and their child, about the very principles on which life is founded, cannot be to men and women of strong convictions anything less than unspeakable pain. There is the perpetual consciousness of the line which they cannot pass, of the silence which their antagonism on the greatest of all themes imposes. It is useless to speak of love overcoming the difference. It is possible to make the best of inner discords; but no love that is in reality of the highest kind can ever be satisfied so long as it is separated in the things of lasting interest from the dearest human object of its care.

ON June 5 the Most Reverend John J. Dunn, D.D., Auxiliary to Cardinal Hayes, ordained to the priesthood fourteen young men, members of the Foreign Mission Society of America, whose mother house is at Maryknoll, N. Y. Three of these priests are from St. Stephen's parish, Framingham, Mass. As the parish is rather a

small one, three of its members to be ordained in one day is an unusual event. Under the guidance of Divine Providence, these young priests owe their vocations to the fostering care of the Reverend Thomas C. Garrahan, for many years curate at St. Stephen's, and at present pastor of the Sacred Heart parish, East Boston. All together there are at least seventeen priests in various dioceses and Religious Orders who have come to the Altar through the spiritual guidance and financial help which Father Garrahan has consistently and generously given. In these days, when the need of more priests for the home and foreign missions is so pressing, Father Garrahan's particular form of zeal might well be commended for imitation to members of the clergy and laity alike.

THE voice that speak-easies love to hear is "broadcasting" as loud as anything in Washington today. Louder. It sounds like a cannon. In fact, it is a Cannon. To be precise: Bishop James Cannon, Jr.

American Citizens: Cannonized or Not?

He and it recently served notice on every member of Congress, if you please, that this business of repealing or modifying the Eighteenth Amendment must stop at once! The Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Church, South, has turned its nose up at all anti-Volsteadian sentiment and measures; yes, and its thumbs down. So there.

Wherefore, suddenly, it seems, we have a new Chief Executive, without knowing it: Bishop James Cannon, Jr. And a new Congress, too: the Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Church, South. And, if we stand for all this organized assumption and brass, a new America which George Washington would never recognize as in any way related to the Republic he founded; a novel America, indeed, with which even the pigmies of Africa would scorn to be identified.

Three special pests have afflicted our country for the past few years: Prohibition, the Depression, and said anti-bibulous Bishop, who depends far less for the "success" of his career on the Bible, which he professes, than on the bottles, which he condemns.

Verily in these days when our poor bootleggers are shivering at the writing on the wall, which grows plainer and plainer, it is a comfort to them that they have this unique Lordship's shoulder on which to lean and weep. But it is to be feared that, from the

pressure brought to bear on him, our accommodating ecclesiastic will politically topple over. And then—ah, then!—gangland will be without a friend; and baby-Lindberghs will be relatively safe; and the people will be once more, in fact as in fiction, sovereign; and our Government will serve no longer as an annex to the Methodist Church; and—

But cease. Talking this way, we are offending Cannon law. Without the Right Reverend James' permission, we must not speak. He has silenced Senates: why not us? After all, we—why, we are only American citizens; and Bishop Cannon is the mouthpiece of the great Board of Temperance and Social Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.



READERS of "Third Thoughts Are Best," by Mr. Chesterton in this issue, may think there he is seeing danger where there is no danger. But many facts which do not find place in our daily

What Hitlerism Stands For

Press furnish a rational basis for his contention. Thus few realize that it is the Catholic populations of Germany that are making the most strenuous fight against Hitlerism; and the Hitlerites are not ignorant of the personality of their enemy. We have a striking illustration of this in the statement of a Hitlerite leader, Herr Hermansdoefer, during the General Election, in Hesse:

"When we are in power we shall govern on Lutheran lines. We shall chase the priests of the Blacks out of Germany. Let them find a place of refuge in Madagascar! The Catholic Centrum is a hundred times worse than the Communists. The next Revolution will take a different form from the Revolution of 1918. Much blood will flow. The elections of July 31 will be the last elections to be held in Germany."

A correspondent of *The Tablet*, London, writes under date of June 20, from Western Canada:

"German boys in this town received letters last week-end asking them to do their best to get back to Germany, as trouble with Poland is expected."

The editor assures his readers that the good faith of his informant is beyond question. And he prints the disclosure in order that his readers may see how necessary it is to support German Catholics in their stand against a revival of Junkerism. Certain Prussians, he continues, are resolved to undo the 1918 reintegration of Poland, even if, in doing so, they weaken Christendom's bulwarks against Red Atheism.



WHEN the history of these hard times is written the picture may not prove utterly black. Doctors report that the health of communities, thus far, has improved rather than declined.

The Darkness Is Not Without Light

Perhaps less food and more outdoors was what many Americans needed: and the Depression, cutting down diet and increasing leisure, has been a sincere respecter of such necessities. Also, more than a few citizens have been cured of seeking paradise in brokers' offices and stock-market reports, and have sensibly decided henceforth to remember that it's to be found in the old orthodox way of the Church and virtuous living. And, as strangely as happily, reduced incomes have had a healthy effect on that prime American malady known as divorce.

Dr. Alfred Cohen, of Columbia University, has discovered that, in 1930, legal separations dropped ten thousand points. That is, there were 10,000 less than in 1929, when a grand total of 201,468 was attained; and in 1931, presumably, there at least were not any more. Thus, while securities in general are falling to the lowest levels, the bonds of Matrimony seem to be holding up better than ever.

The night is dark, but the few stars in it are all the brighter for that. Certainly it would be well if, instead of bemoaning that stars are lost in the darkness, we'd make ourselves appreciate that the darkness is surmounted by stars. Truly this blow—the stiffest of its kind that has ever fallen on the united head of the nation—would have been suffered in vain unless it made us see some stars.



OUR Holy Father has especially approved the Women's Social and Civil Union in France, one of whose special purposes is to bring women and girls back to domestic work. It may be well to remark the words

The Return to Domestic Work

"domestic work" as distinguished from "domestic service." There can be no doubt that the Depression is in part, at least, caused by women competing with men in clerical and even industrial occupations. In approving the Union the Pope would not bar women from the professions or avocations for which some of them have a special aptitude. But, by and large, the return of women to domestic work would greatly relieve male unemployment, with the result that readjusted home budgets would make for better living conditions. This industrial age has undermined the family and the home chiefly by taking woman from her domestic sphere and putting her in mannish positions. Unfortunately, the American girl has no particular liking for housework and has a horror of being a "servant." But there is no humiliation in housework, and the average so-called "servant" has better health, better food, cleaner living conditions, more money and more independence than the average office-girl or factory-worker.



TO THE Hierarchy, the Clergy, the Civil Authorities, and the People of Ireland on the magnificent success and unsurpassable splendor of the Thirty-first Eucharistic Congress held in

Toasts Within the Month

Dublin. ¶ To Police Officer Harold Moore, of New York's "Finest," who, severely wounded and at the risk of his own life, put an end to the career of one Popke, notorious gangster. ¶ To the Right Reverend Frederick Kolbe, who by the spoken and written word has accomplished so much for the Church in South Africa, on the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood. ¶ To Mr. Maury Hughes, member of the Texas delegation to the Democratic Convention, on his courage to proclaim publicly that, in 1928, some States, notwithstanding what they may say to the contrary, "crucified that great American, Alfred E. Smith, on the cross of religious intolerance." ¶ To Dr. William Edwin Orchard, famous Non-conformist preacher of London, on his reception into the Church. ¶ To Reverend Father Sands, of St. Columban's Mission Society, who after nine months in captivity to Chinese bandits has been released. ¶ To Sister Mary Joseph O'Sullivan, of the Sisters of Charity, Archdiocese of Cincinnati, on her rooth birthday. She has been a nun for seventy years. ¶ To the Dutch Parliament on having approved an extension of the penal law providing punishment for "any scoffing blasphemy which wounds the Christian feeling." ¶ To Patrick Scanlan, Managing Editor of *The Brooklyn Tablet*, for having exposed the bogus ex-nun, "Sister" Katherine Carroll. ¶ To David Johnson, a seventeen-year-old Catholic parochial-school graduate (colored) on winning the gold medal with the highest rating given to any contestant in the New York Music Week Contest. ¶ To Mother Rose Niland, O.P., the Mother General of the Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna, Newcastle, South Africa, and foundress of no less than twenty convents of the Congregation, on the Golden Jubilee of her Religious Profession. ¶ To the Right Reverend James E. Kearney, pastor of St. Francis Xavier, Bronx, New York City, on his being appointed Bishop of Salt Lake, Utah.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

J. A. B. in "Church Times," London:

O GOD, Thy Ocean is so great,
Boundless the Seas Thou didst create;
Thy waves are wild, my boat is small,
Keep me, O God, Who loveth all.
O Jesu! signal "It is I,"
When our small boats come sailing by.

Through stealthy fog, in blustering gale
And raging storm, hold, Thou, my sail.
Deliver us in our distress
And steer us through this wilderness.
O Jesu! Bide with men afloat,
Be Skipper of my humble boat.

Ave Maria de bon Secours!
Look down in pity on the poor.
For twelve poor men with wooden shoes
Did Jesus for His comrades choose.
O'er hidden rocks the green seas roll,
Thou art the Road-stead of my soul.

Star of the Morning, pray for me
And all the toilers of the sea.
When through the night I sail afar,
Lighten my path, Thou Gentle Star,
The Sea is great, our boats are small.
In Life and Death, God save us all.

KELLY VERSUS KELLETT

IF "Kelly" runs 20 columns in the New York Telephone Directory, it's a better name than "Kellett," the Judge rules. From the "World-Telegram," New York:

There are nearly twenty columns of Kellys in the New York City telephone directories.

One of the Kellys has had a most unhappy time of it being a Kelly. It has meant "antipathy, prejudice, bigotry, narrow-mindedness" and signs stating "No Irish Need Apply."

So this Kelly, "desiring to avoid all the misgivings, trials, prejudices and insults" for his Kelly children, petitioned Justice Charles E. Russell, in Brooklyn City Court today, for permission to change his name to "Kellett."

And Justice Russell said NO.

The Justice with the stout Anglo-Saxon name was most unsympathetic with this plaint of Edwin Manuel Kelly, of 25 St. Charles Pl., Brooklyn:

"The common usage of the word 'Kelly' has been applied to the name of a hat, to Kelly pool, Kelly the Rake, Kelly the Irish, Kelly with the Green Necktie, Slide, Kelly, Slide!"

And, mind you, not only that, but to "other and low sounding slurs, suggestions and remarks all implying everything but what the name Kelly means."

Justice Russell thought, though, that "those Kellys who rejoice in the name might welcome the granting of this petition."

The Kelly who would be Kellett advanced "frivolous reasons," in the opinion of the Justice, who said:

"Others of like name have found no such antipathy and prejudice to the Irish, especially to the name of Kelly. On the contrary, it had proven a title of honor and worth in almost every walk of life."

Justice Russell recalled that a Kelly had presided over the

Appellate Division and that a Kelly now was a distinguished member of the bench of his court.

"And yet," said he, "this applicant insults and attempts to belittle his family and race by references to Kelly as a hat, &c."

WHAT ABOUT YOUR VACATION?

PERSONALLY we know nothing about White Cyanide Springs beyond what the "Kablegram" of Mt. Morris, Ill., tells us:

A vacation is something that the old man takes and the rest of the family spends. Of course there are several types of vacations. You can travel, stay at home, go fishing, go to a summer resort, or plant a garden and twiddle among the cucumbers.

First, let us turn to the great Canadian north where men are men and women shake the furnace. Many folks prefer for their vacation the rough and ready life—fishing, hunting, boating, bugging, swatting and scratching.

Many are the otherwise sensible men who leave comfortable homes for two weeks of hell in the northern woods. They love it. Camping out under the stars, clouds, rain, or sleet, and continued cold the rest of the week; paddling a canoe for hours at a stretch, using strength that is equivalent to beating twenty rugs back home; sleeping at night in still, crisp northern air, the quiet broken only by an occasional coyote, cricket, barking dog, snoring camper, howling wind, or swinging window shutter. It's a great life if your arteries don't harden or your arches don't give way. For the anemic folks our vacation bureau does not recommend a vacation in Canada.

Our statistical department has made a very interesting study. At the height of the vacation season last year, a trained investigator mingled with the crowds at Grand Central Station in New York City. Besides picking up a few watches, billfolds, tie-pins, flasks and small change, he obtained the following information from ten people. His question was: "What is your destination?" Their answers were:

- (1) Protestant.
- (2) Mind your own business.
- (3) I'm an underwear salesman.
- (4) Home, if I can find that kid.
- (5) I'm learning to be a railway mail clerk.
- (6) Checkers.
- (7) Shut your mouth.
- (8) Sir, I don't know you!
- (9) Hoboken.
- (10) I believe in faith, hope and charity to all.

So you can see that our investigator found that the vacations are purely of personal taste. Some like to take them and others don't. This startling fact has made it possible for us to offer an excursion rate to Pittsburgh all next week to see the Cherry Sisters in their new show, "Oh, Fudge." The train returns leaving Pittsburgh every night at 9:48, which gives you plenty of time, as the first act is over at 9:30. The theater manager has found that everyone leaves after the first act, and so they have cut out the last two acts.

As a suggestion for your next week-end, we offer White Cyanide Springs. These cyanide baths are guaranteed to cure bad habits, to dry up tonsils, to lower your high blood pressure, to raise your low blood pressure, to grow hair, to make you bald, and to teach you that all good things come to him who has money.

So don't forget White Cyanide Springs. Here you can rest without any chance of being interrupted. You need not even

reach in your pocket for money. Courteous attendants are ready to do this for you.

Tight rope walking, juggling, and wrestling are features of the social life of White Cyanide.

PRONUNCIATIONS BEYOND EXPLANATION

A LIST of weird pronunciations is contributed to "The North-China Herald," of Shanghai, by a Lancastrian:

Names	Pronounced
Alcester	Elster (Eng. town)
Aldeburgh	El-bur-o (Eng. town)
Almondsbury	Amesbury (Eng. town)
Alnmouth	Almouth (Eng. town)
Alveston	A-Ston (Family name)
Alvebury	A-bury (Family name)
Ayscough	Ask-iu (Family name)
Beauchamp	Beecham (Family name)
Belvoir	Beever (Family name)
Bicester	Bister (Eng. town)
Caius	Kees (Eng. college)
Cholmondeley	Chumley (Family name)
Colclough	Kok-li (Family name)
Colquhoun	Ko-hoon (Family name)
Congresbury	Kums-bri (Eng. village)
Fiennes	Fainz (Family name)
Fildes	Fi-els (Family name)
Glamis	Glawms (Scots castle)
Hawarden	Har-den (Welsh town)
Ightam	I-tam (Eng. village)
Keighley	Ke-li (Eng. town)
Leominster	Lem-ster (Eng. city)
Leveson-Gower	Lu-san-gor (Family name)
Magdalen	Mawd-lin (Eng. college)
Marjoribanks	Marchbanks (Family name)
Polk	Poke (Family name)
Portishead	Pos-et (Eng. town)
Sawbridgeworth	Saps-worth (Eng. town)
Slough	Slu (Eng. town)
Towcester	Tow-ster (Eng. city)
Tyrwhitt	Tir-it (Family name)
Wemyss	Weems (Family name)
Worcester	Wus-tur (Eng. city)
Youghioghenny	Yok-o-ge-ni (American river)

PIETA

Violet Alleyn Storey in the New York "Times":

LEND me a little of Thy Mother's pity,
For I would comfort, Lord, one dear to me.
Make my hands gentle; give me understanding;
Put on my brow a sweet serenity!

This is not asking what I should not ask Thee.
One dear to me is spent with pain and loss.
Therefore, I pray Thee for the grace of Mary
To comfort one new-taken from a cross!

PERSONALITIES DEFINED IN ANECDOTES

SOMEHOW we cannot help contrasting George Eastman's "My work is done. Why wait?" with Cecil Rhodes' "So much to do. So little done."—*Boston Transcript*.

WHEN Calvin Coolidge sent his annual dues to the National Press Club this year he had to fill out the usual card giving his name, address and occupation just to keep the records straight.

His occupation, he wrote, was "retired." The remaining few lines, invitingly blank, were headed "Remarks," and Mr. Coolidge, who makes remarks with impunity now that the government is off his shoulders, wrote "Glad of it."—*Collier's*.

WHEN William Randolph Hearst was trying to buy a newspaper in New York City he cabled the late James Gordon Bennett, in Paris, owner of the New York *Herald*: "Please put price on New York Herald." Bennett replied: "Three cents daily; five cents Sunday."—*Wall Street Journal*.

PERHAPS there are some who have not heard the story they tell about Mark Twain during his early days as a San Francisco news-hound, when things were pretty lean. Mark, holding a cigar-box under his arm, was standing gazing into a shop window.

A lady friend approached and said: "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I'm afraid you're smoking too much, Mr. Clemens."

"It isn't that," retorted Mark. "I'm moving again."—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

MARIANNE BRANDT, the famous opera star, had received a notice from the New York Post Office Department that a registered letter was awaiting her in the General Post Office at City Hall. She went there and inquired at the proper window for her letter. "Yes," said the official, "we have it here. Have you some document to prove that you are Marianne Brandt—a letter, a bankbook, or a passport?"

"I have none of these things, but I am Marianne Brandt and I want that letter!"

"I am sorry, madame, but the rules are very strict, and you will have to bring someone to identify you."

By this time Brandt was in a high state of indignation. "You will not give me that letter? I shall prove to you that I am Marianne Brandt!" And then she proceeded with full voice to sing the great cadenza from her principal aria in *Le Prophète*. Her glorious voice echoed and reechoed through the vaulted corridors of the Post Office. Men came running from all sides to find out what had happened and finally the agitated official handed her the letter, saying, "Here is your letter, but for God's sake be quiet!"—Walter Damrosch, *My Musical Life*.

WHEN Napoleon's eagle eye flashed down the list of officers proposed for promotion to generals, he used to scribble in the margin of a name, "Is he lucky?"—Axel Munthe, *The Story of San Michele*.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB tells of a Southern railroad man who came into the office of the Carnegie Company in Pittsburgh, years ago, to negotiate for steel for his new road.

The price of the rails—\$30 per ton—was entirely satisfactory, the quality taken for granted, and all was well so far. Mr. Schwab knew well, from long experience, what would come next.

"Now in payment, Mr. Schwab, will you take bonds of the new road?"

"Oh, yes," assented Mr. Schwab.

"You will!!!" said the astonished railroad promoter. "On what basis?"

"Fifty-fifty," said Mr. Schwab; "a ton of bonds for a ton of rails."—*Collier's*.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN visiting Japan attended a banquet given to the Admiral of the Navy. All present paid tribute to the Japanese naval leader. The time came to drink a toast. Those present lifted their champagne glasses, but there was a gasp of alarm as Mr. Bryan was seen to raise a glass of water. Someone grasped his arm and whispered that such a toast would be considered an insult. The Great Commoner was equal to

the delicate situation. "You won your victories on water," he said, turning to the Admiral, "and I drink to your health in water; whenever you win any victories on champagne I shall drink your health in champagne."—J. C. Long, *Bryan, The Great Commoner*.

"HOW did you discover the law of gravitation?" somebody once asked Newton. "By thinking about it all the time," was the answer.—Ernest Dimmet, *The Art of Thinking*.

THE EDITOR'S PRAYER

To St. Francis de Sales, Patron of all Catholic Writers
by Nanky Poo in "The Far East"

WHEN the galleys are strewn around us,
And the dummy is due tonight,
When a proof is lost amid manuscripts tossed,
And there's something still to write;
When we sit at the keys, bewildered,
And all inspiration fails,
Then share the balm of thy heavenly calm,
Good St. Francis de Sales.
When an author forgets his promise,
But the printer remembers ours;
When copy is shy till the hurry is nigh—
And then when it comes in showers;
When we don't catch sight of the misprints
Till the issue is all in the mails,
Then keep us whole, in body and soul,
Brave St. Francis de Sales!
When our pet idea is borrowed
(With never a credit line),
When the readers resent what nobody meant,
And when mailing lists decline;
When we're tempted to write in acid,
Forgetting our Thabors and Grails,
Then bind our hands in charity's bands,
Sweet St. Francis de Sales.
When, all in a day, they call us
Too pious, too worldly, too loud,
Not up to the knees of the Ph.D.s'
And over the heads of the crowd!
Or (worse) when we think we're weighty,
That the world before us quails,
Oh, keep us sane, and pleasant and plain,
Wise St. Francis de Sales.
When the very last run is printed
And the pens and presses are stilled,
And the editor's "We" is the soul of me,
By the dread of judgment chilled,
May some word of mine that was fruitful
Be found in the fateful scales—
So aid all men who wield pipe and pen,
Great St. Francis de Sales!

TWO DRAMAS FROM THE "BIG HOUSE"

Extracts from "26,000 Years in Sing Sing" by Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing Prison for the past twelve years:

SOME prisoners have a peculiar sense of honor that leads to strange situations. I have often been tried, mentally and spiritually, in seeking to iron out their twisted thoughts and ideals. But occasionally we are able to reclaim some of the dangerous types—the cynical, resentful and selfish men.

Once, among the prisoners up before the Parole Board for Christmas releases, there was a big brute of a fellow, as tough as any that New York has produced. In for robbery and atrocious assault, he was the type whose premature release can become a great embarrassment. I had to give this man the bad news that the Parole Board had refused his plea. I have seen

few sights more terrible than the working of that man's face. He was mad clean through. I let him brood over it for a day. Then I sent for him again. I gave him a cigar to smoke and reasoned with him, pointing out that at the next monthly meeting of the Board I should urge favorable consideration of his case.

"Here," I said finally, "is a Christmas box for you."

Like many of the utterly hard boiled, he had a soft spot for a common-law wife and two children. The Christmas box I gave him contained candy and pastry sent by this woman. It had been carefully examined for contraband—dope, drink or blades or tools of any kind.

He took the box, shook my hand and thanked me. Later that evening, asking to see me again, he brought the box I passed to that morning.

"I'd like to give you a Christmas present, Warden," he said sheepishly, although there was a meaningful glitter in his eye. We parried; but it ended by my accepting the gift. This was shortly afterwards opened by my little daughter. Beneath a row of doughnuts and candy there lay my Christmas gift from him—a .38 caliber pistol! I have never received a present more gratefully. If this man had been put on the rack he would not have revealed how that gun came into his possession in Sing Sing. But he had absolved himself by surrendering it. I went through with my promise to urge his parole, and he got it. He is meeting its conditions—and every Christmas brings me a greeting from him.

Some prisoners, especially in the death house, are often prone to romanticize their plight. Consider the flair for showmanship of the hymn-singing Negro who almost ran to the Chair, kissed it reverently and sang a sermon on how, to him, it was a chariot swinging low to life everlasting and a harp among the angel choirs. But one of the most callous gangsters Sing Sing has known made an even more dramatic grandstand play in the death chamber. He followed to the Chair another member of his gang. When his turn came he asked for a rag, carefully wiped off the Chair and said:

"I've got to rub it off after that rat sat in it."

BONA FIDE NEWS ODDITIES

Brought Along a Sample

From the "Boston Globe":

D. C. Coleman of Charleston, W. Va., doesn't say detectives are dumb, but he isn't taking any chances. He dropped in at the police station to say some one had stolen his salt and pepper suit. With him he brought a package of salt and pepper, carefully mixed, so that the sleuths couldn't go wrong.

Mrs. Corrigan's Accomplishments

From the London "Daily Express":

There is at least one link between her and Lady Mendl—another remarkably vital and energetic woman. Both frequently stand on their heads—for the sake of health and for the entertainment of their friends. In addition, Mrs. Corrigan is a Christian Scientist.

Folded Bit of Paper

From "The New Yorker":

A lady living in the Gramercy Park section was walking home from a friend's house in the neighborhood the other evening when suddenly, traversing a dark cross-street, she became aware that a man was following her. She hurried a little faster, but, glancing cautiously over her shoulder, she saw that the man was coming faster still—was, in fact, overtaking her. Just short of her own apartment-house doorway he caught up with her. "Take this," he told her in a hoarse voice, and shoved a folded piece of paper into her hands. She took it and, still frozen with fear, darted into the house, up to her apartment, and locked and bolted the door. Then, after she had taken a deep breath, she looked at the paper. It read: "Jesus Loves You."

LEWIS: A Haberdasher Turned Theologian

By

E. S. Schwegler

THIS article should never have been produced by a Catholic writer; much less should it have been published by a Catholic periodical. For, in order to gather the necessary material, it was imperative to read things which, if not actually on the Index, are most surely forbidden to Catholics by their general Church law. That law is very specific in interdicting all books "which avowedly attack religion . . ." or "attack or ridicule any of the Catholic dogmas" or contain "Sacred Scripture, notes or commentaries thereon, and translations" not approved by ecclesiastical authority. And it is just from such productions that most of the material here presented is taken.

Some Preliminaries

BUT this is not all. The present article actually quotes statements and expressions shocking to any theist, let alone any Catholic. And—most damning of all—it gives added publicity to an insatiable publicity seeker, to a cause that almost pulls itself up by its bootstraps in order to get into the limelight.

Yet pause for a moment, wide-eyed reader: the case may not be as bad as it seems. The necessary permission for scanning the objectionable books was obtained by your correspondent from the proper ecclesiastical authority. Irreverent and even blasphemous expressions, repeated by way of narration and for the sake of being refuted, are sinful neither for the narrator nor for his audience. And as for that third difficulty, it may stand a little destructive criticism.

We all know right well that there is unbelief and lack of religion and atheism in the world. Should we continually ignore it and never mention it for fear of giving it too much publicity? Should we not rather take the bull by the horns every so often and turn him over, kicking and squirming, on his back? Because error gets publicity from refutation is no reason why it should never be noticed.

Our Savior made the Pharisees immortal by condemning them openly, forcibly and in detail. The Manichæans still mean something to us principally because of their great antagonist, St. Augustine. And does not the Roman Index itself broadcast to the whole world many a name and title that might otherwise remain, for the most part, unknown? Publicity always accompanies the refutation of error: without the former the latter is impossible.

But enough of preliminaries.

Did you know that atheism in these United States is organized very definitely and very effectively? Did you know that there are at least two atheistic or free-thought societies in America? Did you know that one of your fellow citizens glories in the title of "Pope(!) of American Atheism"? Did you know that there is a flourishing Freethought Book-of-the-Month Club in our country boasting between thirty and forty thousand members?

One of these godless organizations entitles itself the "Association for the Advancement of Atheism," and has at its head a certain Charles L. Smith. The other group, more belligerent and better known, goes under the name of the "Freethinkers of America," and is presided over by Joseph Lewis, declared foe of all churches, priests, ministers, religions, gods, angels and saints. It is upon the latter organization and individual that we will proceed to focus our microscope.

The Freethinkers of America are a very active group. They have claimed country-wide attention a number of times. They disseminate books and pamphlets with the utmost diligence; they broadcast over the radio; they write to the newspapers; they advertise extensively—such journals as the *New York Times* Book Review and the *New Republic* have run their announcements. And they believe in fighting for what they believe: they hire lawyers, go to court, appeal cases. On the whole, a rather good example of activity for the orthodox to follow!

Books With Blurbs!

BEFORE going any further, let us take a look at the books published or distributed by the Freethought Press Association, Inc. Please, please do not be shocked. Remember, we are dealing with books and pamphlets that have it as their set purpose to shock us. The freethinker wants publicity, and he gets it partly by saying and writing things that go directly counter to the most sacred beliefs of his neighbor. So do not wax indignant: that is just what the freethinker wants you to do.

The front cover of the freethought book-list trumpets forth the messages, "Knowledge is Power"—"Books with a Purpose."

Note the "knowledge" imparted and the "purpose" aimed at as we run our eyes over the titles.

First, of course, come the books of Joseph Lewis. A whole page is given to his masterpiece, which, we are assured, has sold to the extent of 50,000 copies. It is "The Bible Unmasked." "Amazing Book!" the blurb screams. "Joseph Lewis Dares to Tell the Truth about the Bible!"

Well, well. So the Bible has been going around in disguise these many, many years! And J. L. at long last has torn away the false face, laying bare the real front of the biblical fraud to angels and to men, to generations past, present and to come! But more of this anon.

Tyranny: Science: Confessional

NEXT comes another jolting title: "The Tyranny of God"—"Remarkable Book!"—endorsed by no less a theological expert than Clarence Darrow himself. After this we are confronted with "Voltaire, the Incomparable Infidel," with four brochures extolling Burbank, Lincoln, Jefferson and Franklin as freethinkers or infidels, and with a final treatise on "Atheism—What It is, What It Means." And such are the encyclicals of the pope of freethought.

Following upon these classics we have the "Greatest Thoughts of the Great Ingersoll," together with 33 pamphlets by the same great man—sensational trial lawyer, politician and lecturer. Among the latter, incidentally, we find practically the same subjects and ideas treated by Lewis.

Thomas Paine's works then receive honorable mention, as do also those of Voltaire. With interest we then behold "Religion and Sex—Studies in the Pathology of Religious Development"—evidently too blushing a subject for the author to reveal his name.

And ho, my hearties! Here we have "The Warfare of Science with Theology," by Andrew D. White, long ago dissected and demolished by our own Dr. James J. Walsh in his "The Popes and Science." Cheek by jowl with this is "Twelve Years in a Monastery," by Joseph McCabe, "one of the three greatest scholars in the world today" (who are the other two?): ex-priest and notorious renegade.

We next note "The Priest, The Woman and the Confessional," by Father Chiniquy, another ex-priest, and a convicted liar and swindler into the bargain. "The Story of the Inquisition," of course, is listed, with much insistence on the "hor-

rors," "infamies," etc., produced by the Church.

A prominent place is given to "While Peter Sleeps" and "The Jesuit Enigma" by E. Boyd Barrett, former Jesuit and present reformer of the Church from within. So he says, anyhow.

A dozen or so volumes—"amazing," "excellent," "most valuable"—treat of sex, sexual disorders, marriage problems, birth control, *et al.* Here Margaret Sanger is naturally much in evidence.

Arsenals of Freethought

THESE, then, are the high power explosives in the arsenals of American freethought. This estimable school of opinion, therefore, harks back essentially to an outmoded, eighteenth century anti-clerical (not atheist—Voltaire was no atheist) and to the crude vaporizings of an American trial lawyer and an American pamphleteer.

It bolsters itself up with the calumnies and slanders of ex-monks, ex-priests and notoriously anti-Catholic writers. It seeks support from the old-fashioned thesis of conflict between Religion and Science. And it ends the argument with a loud "hurrah!" for indiscriminate sex knowledge and birth-control.

All the vitriol of its archpriest, Joseph Lewis, is but a hopeless mélange of the errors, misrepresentations and defamations that he has picked up in the gutters of human thought: argument after argument of his may be traced back to his intellectual forebears, and has been long ago refuted. "Atheism, latest model," is but the old rattle-box dressed up in a new hood, a new top, new tires and a few new accessories. The engine was assembled in the 'nineties and has the speed of the 'nineties; some of it, indeed, dates from the 'seventies of the preceding century.

But suppose we take a look at the man behind all these freethought fireworks. His biography has just been issued—with, as usual, a title destined to shock believers: "Joseph Lewis—Enemy of God," by Arthur H. Howland. And first, let us hope that Arthur is a better biographer than he is a theologian.

He says (p. 43), in commenting upon "The Bible Unmasked," and concerning particularly the repentance of David, that the latter "merely made a confession, like the rites practised in the Catholic Church, and he was absolved of his sin. The narrative does not make mention of any contribution. . . . Nowadays the contribution box is a very essential part of the 'absolution'." Exclamation point!

And on p. 186 we find this bit of caviar (the biographer is describing how Lewis brought consolation to a Catholic who had just lost his father): "Lewis' friend was at the point of madness with grief and fright. His father was in purgatory; he could not be rescued." Two exclamation points!! This scholarly production, my friends, is a choice of the Freethought Book-of-the-Month Club.

However, we will follow Mr. Howland faithfully in his biography, presuming that he will not knowingly say anything unfavorable about his hero. The latter was born in Montgomery, Alabama, June 11, 1889, of Jewish parents. At the age of nine the young Joseph left school to work in his father's store. When he was about twelve he began to read some of the stuff that has since been precipitated from the murky solution of his thoughts in his books and pamphlets—for it was at this tender age that he became acquainted with the works of Ingersoll, through the kindness of an elder brother. When he was fifteen years old Lewis moved with his family to New York. Here he, or his parents, seemingly repented his lack of education, and he made a hurried passage through grade school. After that he took a business course in an evening high school.

During this time he continued his agnostic reading. Ingersoll, Paine, Rousseau, Draper, Byron—these formed the staples of his mental diet. The Bible he read every day and found it "the hardest of all books to understand." Wherefore he later composed a commentary on it!

Soon young Lewis responded to the racial instinct and, with his brother, launched a haberdashery shop. Later he entered business for himself and had the signal distinction of opening New York's first "Dollar Shirt Shop." Between the fitting of hats and the selling of shirts he wrote various letters to the Press; and he began, when business was slack, to compose a book (in the manner of all geniuses) on the backs of envelopes and vouchers.

At the age of twenty-five Lewis sold out his business interests and was soon engaged in disposing of books by mail. In the beginning his principal stock in trade was "The Age of Reason." He soon added others, and after a while made his own contribution in the form of "The Tyranny of God."

Meanwhile Lewis had married (taking particular care, of course, to eliminate all rabbis, priests and ministers from the ceremony) and was blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. The boy died at the age of four: a misfortune that brought a very real, but hard-headed and empty sorrow, to his atheist father.

The Haberdasher Arises

IN 1920 Lewis was elected president of the Freethinkers' Society of New York, who changed their name later to the Freethinkers of America. Since that time he has come into the public eye a number of times by strenuously advocating freethought ideas on different occasions.

In 1925 he and his organization went into Supreme Court of New York State against the Board of Education of Mt. Vernon, Westchester Co., over the plan of releasing public school pupils from school time for religious instruction. The battle raged in several places, but finally the Court of

Appeals ruled adversely against the stand of the freethinkers.

Other causes of a similar pattern were espoused by Lewis. He protested against the N. Y. City Board of Aldermen opening its sessions with prayer; attacked the City government for its official reception of Cardinal Bonzano in 1926; forestalled the use of the municipally owned radio station WNYC for religious programs; made onslaughts upon the custom of holding lotteries for the raising of church funds; issued an appeal to the Jews for the abolition of "Yom Kippur"; agitated against and fought in the courts the reading of the Commandments or the Bible in public schools; campaigned against a governmental protest concerning the religious persecution in Russia; filed suit against the Board of Taxes and Assessments for exempting from taxation the K. of C. Hotel in N. Y. City; and so on.

A Noisome Minority

THUS, Lewis and his followers have been extremely active, and they are especially clever in getting their views heard: they are, like the Christian Scientists, a small minority who get much more notice than their numbers call for.

To comment adequately upon all the issues suggested by this brief summary of Lewis' life would demand a volume, and cannot be done here. The purpose of the summary is rather to give a thumb-nail sketch of the most outstanding figure in American atheistic circles.

An interesting portrait, is it not? Joseph Lewis, professed freethinker against a pleasing background of hats and shirts. Here is the man who has weighed all religions in the balance and found them wanting; who has read the Bible and declared it a fraud; who has solved all the religious and moral problems in the world.

What a wonderful training he must have received in that hurried grade school education and in the fragmentary night school course! In other words, Lewis is a perfect example of a person with little education and mental discipline, voraciously devouring books whose errors he cannot detect, and then evolving a doctrine whose inconsistencies he cannot see.

And yet this man is undoubtedly looked up to as a prophet by his followers. Such was ever the reasoning of atheism. The one who attacks religion and all it implies most vociferously is canonized.

Does he know anything about religion? Did he ever study the science of God—otherwise known as Theology? Can he read the Bible in its various versions and its original texts? Lewis says, in another connection:

"We cannot expect a man trained to be a carpenter to be able to carve statues like a Rodin. We cannot expect a man trained to be a bricklayer to be able to paint pictures like a Rembrandt."

Neither can we expect a haberdasher to think like a theologian. And that applies

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to all the galaxies of freethinkers and atheists that ever were. Edison was an inventor, Burbank a naturalist. Clarence Darrow is "the showman of the American Bar," Garret Serviss is a popular writer. Bricklayers, all, when it comes to matters of theology.

A Strident Choir

IN 1933, the freethinkers and atheists are planning an Ingersoll tribute at Washington. The committee in charge should include the most representative free-thought protagonists in the world. Here are some of the more prominent names: Edouard Herriot, Havelock Ellis, Sir Arthur Keith, John Dewey, Harry A. Overstreet, Fannie Hurst, Upton Sinclair, William Allen White, Harry Elmer Barnes, John Haynes Holmes, Joseph McCabe.

And here are their vocations: a professor of rhetoric, politician and author; a medical student and writer; an anthropologist; two professors of philosophy; a writer of plays and stories; a socialistic politician and author; a newspaper man; two "liberal" ministers; an ex-priest.

In this choir of freethought angels, only the last three have any possible right to call themselves theologians. And the first two of the three are highly inconsistent in supporting Lewis in any way, for both would lose their churches tomorrow if he had the opportunity to put his doctrines into practice. Being therefore bad logicians, these divines are also bad theologians, for Logic is the handmaid of Theology.

Lewis himself says of such ministers: "We have no applause for those who have stolen the thunder from the leaders of Freethought only to cloak it in a garment of so-called 'liberal religion.'"

As for McCabe—a man who, in the face of thousands of living and dead theologians a hundred times more profound than himself—devotes chapters in a book to "The Myth of Immortality," "The Non-Existence of God," "The Forgery of the Old Testament," "Did Jesus Ever Live?"—such a man has no right to call himself a theologian at all, even though he be "one of the greatest scholars in the world today." Three exclamations point!!!

In this wise, then, do our friends, the freethinkers, get their beliefs about God and religion from everybody except authorities on these momentous subjects. And Catholics, with all their ignorance and superstition, still foolishly insist upon looking up to the Popes, who are and have been among the greatest of trained theologians, or to those imposing meetings of theological scholars known as Councils, for explanations and definitions of what they are to believe in the way of religious truth. What deplorable lack of rational principles!

There are other inconsistencies in Lewis' life besides haberdashery—plus—atheism. He is distinguished, according to his biographer, by "impeccable honor, strictest

sense of duty, unflagging zeal for the whole cause of human welfare, unwavering consideration for others. . . ."

Why? If there is no God, there is no Divine law and no natural law: there is no final norm of conduct. If there is no eternity, there is no reason in seeking the good of others, in advocating human welfare; each man is his own god, and selfishness is enthroned.

A further inconsistency about Lewis is sensed by Mr. Howland himself. "It should be put down," he says, "as one of the added wonders of the world that a man who stands valiantly for freedom in the conventions of sex relationship, who holds that individuals and society have the right to break free from tradition in establishing formulae for marriage and the whole range of sex relationships and sex expression; who publishes and circulates books that teach and urge the scientific [?] attitude in these matters, should himself be a conservative of conservatives, a Puritan of the Puritans in his own private life." An added wonder of the world? An added consistency! Here we have another case of the doctor who prescribes for all the world but refuses to take his own medicine.

Of a piece with this is the fact that Lewis inveighs against all religion, all theology, all revelation, all dogmatism—and, in the same breath, shouts out the most inflexible dogmas ever uttered: "There is no God!" "The Bible is a fraud!" "Religion is superstition!" What are these statements but the very quintessence of freethought dogma?

And that word, "freethought," reminds one of another inconsistency. Lewis and his followers advocate *free* thought. Free, that is, for freethinkers, but not for anybody else. Those who disagree with *free* thought are frauds, ignoramuses, fools, etc.; their churches, temples, synagogues, schools should be razed to the ground; they should not be given the opportunity to put their nefarious beliefs into practice. "Every steeple that rises above a church is a dagger thrust into the heart of humanity." Talk about intolerance!

A Freethought Dogmatist

THE above quotation is merely an example of the really laughable rhetoric that crops up everywhere in Lewis' writings. He is like a little boy delivering a stirring speech to his wooden soldiers. He throws out his chest, struts up and down with a frenzied immaturity that would be amusing if it did not soon become tiresome.

He hurls forth the old, futile defiance of all the notorious atheists (again, do not be shocked; our boy orator is trying to do just that to you): "I haven't the slightest compunction in standing in this pulpit and denying the existence of God. Neither do I feel the slightest fear in asking God, if he exists, as proof and as a demonstration of his power, to strike me dead."

He disposes of all his opponents at one fell stroke: "The human race has suffered

for centuries and is still suffering from the mental disorder known as religion, and atheism is the only physician that will be able to effect a permanent cure."

He twists things around magnificently: "In the name of God and for the love of God, Hell with all its fury was let loose upon the earth." He burns with indignation at abuses: "And the time is not far distant when a minister who takes money for prayers for the repose of the so-called soul of man, will be charged with misrepresentation and fraud. . . ."

A Brusher-Aside

HE uses grandiloquent figures of speech: "Throughout the ages religion has imprisoned and chained and stultified the brain of man, just as the institution of slavery has bound and manacled and torn the limbs of man."

He has recondite allusions to the classics of literature: "A rose may smell as sweet by any other name, and religion will be just as obnoxious under any other title." He has colossal comparisons: Edison "has done more for the human race than all the rabbis, priests and preachers; more than all the patriarchs, monks and saints, more than all the bibles and all the creeds. . . ."

And meanwhile the wooden soldiers stand at attention and drink it all in without objecting, without demanding proof.

Ah us! (Editorial plural of "Ah me!") Exchanges please copy). Ah us! How shall we begin to answer such orotundity? The less a person knows of the thing he is talking about, the more reckless are his theses, and the more elementary and prolonged must be the refutation. To reply to all of Lewis' printed errors would require a number of treatises, for he blithely brushes away Logic, Theology, History, Philosophy, Exegesis and half a dozen other learned sciences with a wave of his hand. But, just for amusement, and illustration, we will briefly consider one or another of his outlandish ideas.

"The less we 'know' of God, the less God that is 'in us,' the more human we become." Put that quotation beneath a picture of Vincent de Paul scouring the streets of Paris for abandoned babies, or of Francesco Bernardone distributing money to the poor with a song on his lips, and see how much sense it makes.

"To the philosophy of atheism belongs the credit of robbing Death of its horror and terror." How? By making death an unsolved riddle? Nothing, for example, can faintly approach the joy, peace and consolation of a good Catholic who has received the last Sacraments and awaits the moment when he will meet a merciful Savior. What does atheism substitute for that? A leap in the dark, a plunge into a dreadful and hopeless abyss.

Man's "primitive imagination conceived gods of a multitude of heads, of grotesque parts, of several bodies, of numberless eyes and legs and arms." The cold sciences

of anthropology and the history of religions are proving more clearly every day that the closer we get to primitive man, the more nearly we approach an idea of a supreme, eternal, omniscient Being, conceived either as an impalpable spirit, or as an extraordinary personality in human shape.

"Every scientist who refuses to be held back by narrow theological limitations, and searches nature for her secrets, becomes an Atheist, the Millikans, the Osborns and Pupins to the contrary notwithstanding." So the argument is refuted even in the present. But shades of the past! Did Theology hold back Mendel, or Volta, or Pasteur, or Secchi, or Coulomb, or Spallanzini, to mention only a few Catholic scientists?

Thus do the fallacies continue. But if Lewis has anywhere made a fool of himself with the utmost finesse and thoroughness, it is in "The Bible Unmasked." Most of the book deals with passages of the Old Testament that describe sin and immorality. The argument, briefly, is this: the Bible is God's work; but the Bible describes immorality, which God cannot approve; therefore the Bible is a fraud.

Did it ever occur to our precocious Joseph that the Bible, besides being the revealed word of God, is also an historical and literary work? That a description of sin does not imply an approval thereof? That a man can repent after he has committed a crime?

The thing that makes Lewis so asinine in this book is the fact that, by professing to expound the Bible, he puts himself forth as an exegete. Now a man who would become an authority in Exegesis should have a thorough knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Aramic and the Semitic languages generally; he should be able to read several modern languages in order to keep acquainted with the literature of his subject; he should have a deep understanding of the different biblical periods, be acquainted with their social and cultural aspects, and the like. In other words, an exegete is a very learned man indeed. And such a one Joseph Lewis is not.

In fact, his exegesis of several chapters in the New Testament, besides being utterly nonsensical and contrary to the text, is absolutely vile and indecent. Without going into this, we can pick out just one passage of exegetical matter that illustrates Lewis' abysmal ignorance.

Lewis as an Exegete

OUR author is speaking of the visit Christ paid to Simon the Pharisee, and of the sinful woman washing His feet. Christ has answered the Pharisee's thoughts of surprise—was not this Man a prophet, and the woman who touched Him a public sinner?—by contrasting the conduct of the woman with the cool treatment He had received from His host: "I entered into the house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she with tears hath washed my feet, and with her hairs hath wiped them.

Thou gavest me no kiss; but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but she with ointment hath anointed my feet. Wherefore I say to thee: many things are forgiven her, because she hath loved much." (Luke, 7, 44-47.)

Says our valiant exegete at this point (please—once more—overlook the irreverence): "Why, if I were Simon I would have told Jesus that the function of washing one's feet is a personal task, and that if there were any woman of the street desirous of doing this service for him she should do it elsewhere. Simon would have been perfectly justified in making such a rejoinder." Cosmic laughter! This is judging the highways of Palestine by the sidewalks of New York with a vengeance.

Palestine Not New York

A BRIEF exegesis worthy of the name brings out the utter absurdities of such an explanation. Simon the Pharisee had invited Jesus to dine with him, desiring to see and talk to this extraordinary Man Whose fame was growing every day. Nevertheless, he received his Visitor rather coldly because of His reputed clashes and disagreements with the Pharisees at different times.

The diners, their sandals slipped off at the door, were arranged in a semicircle, and reclined on sofas with their bare feet away from the table. The room was quite open to all, and a crowd of interested spectators watched the banquet of the rich Pharisee. Among them was the sinful woman: so that her sudden appearance in a private home is no matter of mystery.

Similarly, the feet of the Savior, bare and divested of sandals, were close at hand, so that there was no difficulty about

bathing them. When the woman finished, Christ, in contrasting her welcome with the coldness of Simon, alluded to a common custom among Orientals. On the occasion of a banquet, they would wash and dry the feet of their guests when they entered, then greet them with a kiss, and then, during the meal, pour some scented oil upon their hair.

The ministrations of the sinful woman, therefore, were at once a sign of joyous welcome from a poor sinner to a sinless Lord, and a rebuke to the proud Pharisee for his lack of common hospitality. To judge these oriental customs by our own colorless and reserved way of doing things is sheer nonsense.

Doubtless if Lewis were travelling in the Upper Volta of Western Africa and saw a young Mossi greet an elder tribesman by throwing himself on the ground, lowering his forehead to the dust and striking the ground three times with his arms, the free-thinker would indignantly chide the ignorant native for not slapping his friend on the back in the one and only good old American fashion!

Shirts from Haberdashers

THE ignorance of Lewis is so blatant that even a short refutation like this becomes tedious. As for us benighted and befogged Catholics, let it be once more repeated that we still prefer to approach theologians for our dogmas, exegetes for our Scripture, moralists for our principles, historians for our facts.

And we rest perfectly content to obtain our electric bulbs from inventors, and our garden plants from naturalists, and our legal opinions from lawyers, and our stories from novelists, and our shirts from haberdashers!

Between Ourselves

By Abbie Hargrave

A SENSE OF HUMOR

IF by the words they did not say, the laugh they have not won, they'll easier face a Judgment Day, how comforting for some, who never let a nimble mind betray them in the jest unkind.

A SENSE of humor may be spent, as a sword's thrust—or a sacrament.

RESERVE

HOWEVER tempted you may be, enrich your love with equity; the heart of friendship, beat for beat, is far too rare for all you meet. Make few demands, in case you find your soul in chains that sorely bind. Hold tight to something all your own—the right to gather where you've sown.

IF you would tread the safest way you will not give yourself away.



IT WAS unanimously agreed by all those who had to do with the arranging of the May processions that old Brian Brady was far too tottery to continue carrying the statue of Our Lady. Brian had assisted in carrying the statue, shoulder-high, in all the processions held in her honor ever since—shall we say the year one? Or at any rate, ever since he had been tall enough to match the grown man who walked behind.

Brian had always walked in front, the shafts attached to the base of the statue well over his shoulders and his head held high, for the Blessed Mother of God was his particular possession. His own mother had made him over to Her on her deathbed and She had been the Mother of his orphaned years.

But now the shoulders which had borne her image so proudly were bowed and old Brian had contracted the habit of dragging one foot after the other when he walked. It was evident that something would have to be done when the time for the opening May-time procession about the church came round.

THE reason why something was *not* done was the extraordinary failure of moral courage on the part of Father Jackson, upon whom the task fell of breaking it to old Brian. At least, that was the apparent reason, but where Our Blessed Lady is concerned, and the ordinances of Holy Church, such as May processions, there can be much behind appearances. That is why I am not out for blaming poor Father Jackson entirely for what happened.

Towards the end of April, Father Jack-

son approached Brian cautiously on the subject. He happened to come across the old man praying before Our Lady's statue in the Lady chapel. It was the statue which was carried round the church at the solemn processions—a very poor work of art periodically rejuvenated by a new coat of paint.

"WELL, Brian," Father Jackson remarked, "we shall soon be having the May processions."

"We shall," Brian replied, and squared his old shoulders as he looked up at the image.

"I'm thinking that you will have got a bit past processing," Father Jackson said. "Not too steady on the pins are you, now-a-days, eh, Brian?"

"Aye, but I am!" The response came eagerly, and there was a dogged look in Brian's faded eyes. "I be as sure-footed as a mule, I be."

It seemed that poor Brian resembled a mule in more points than one, for he adhered to his opinion with a tenacity that completely overcame Father Jackson's soft heart. The latter proceeded no further with his suggestion.

"Well," he commented, "I suppose you will be doing it again this time, but mind, we can't have the procession messed up by the bearers not keeping step." Father Jackson eyed the old man who had got the better of him with a sternness born of defeat.

Brian remained unperturbed. He glanced up at the statue.

"She won't let me mess it up," he said, in tones of conviction. Father Jackson

devoutly hoped that She wouldn't, but his faith was less firm than Brian's.

After that of course it was up to Brian to become diplomatically rejuvenated. A fresh coat of paint was not possible in his case, as it had been in Our Lady's, but he took to walking with a renewed agility whenever it was likely that Father Jackson or one of the young men of the Guild might be in sight. People remarked that old Mr. Brady seemed to be getting over his creeping paralysis, although he had a suffering look about him that he had not had before.

Young Higgins, the Hon. Treasurer of the Guild, would be the other bearer of the statue and he had a swinging youthful gait. But luckily a religious procession does not exactly stride along with a swing. It moves decorously, almost as decorously as an old man with flat feet.

So Brian held his shaggy white head high—it had become inclined to droop—and when he caught sight of Father Jackson he accelerated his pace to that of the ordinary guildsman who might be using his agile feet for the purpose of stepping into Brian's shoes.

"We'll let the old fellow do it this once, and see how he gets on," Father Jackson said to the young men. Simmons can keep close by and take it over if he shows any signs of giving out."

"He'll die first," young Simmons opined, "but I'll be on the spot."

SO that was how old Brian came to be carrying the statue of Our Lady on the occasion of which I am about to speak.

Angus Meredith was passing the gate

of St. Aloysius's church. He had passed it every day for years past on his way to the station to get the train to town. It was not five minutes' walk from his diggings; but he had never been inside. He paused at the gate for the first time this evening. He had been ruminating on recent events, and on the past, and the latter had put him into a sentimental mood.

ANGUS had been born of Catholic parents and baptized in the Catholic Church. Poor old Catholic Church! He still had memories of being taken to Mass and making his first Communion, which were like the outgrown things of childhood. Later on, when he grew to manhood, he had attended Mass to please his mother. When she died he had dropped out quietly.

People who knew him in his youth looked upon him still as what is called "a non-practising Catholic." He did not mind. The old Church had made his mother happy. He had plenty of sentimental memories of the religion which he had no use for now-a-days—naturally, being the devout disciple of the latest expounder of modern discovery in science, whomever he might happen to be.

He had ceased to be a Catholic, to all intents and purposes—except the intents and purposes of his late employer, Mr. John Bloomworthy, who had left him a comfortable little legacy of \$3,000 on the condition that he was not a member of the Roman Catholic Church and had no intention of becoming one.

This condition applied to all the late Mr. Bloomworthy's bequests. The lawyers, Messrs. Blosch and Sons, had required a signed statement to this effect from the legatees and the document lay at that moment on Meredith's table at home, waiting for his signature.

Meredith gazed up the church path along which the people were hurrying. The signing of the lawyers' document would put the official seal on his action in regard to the religion of his youth. A sentimental desire to take a last look at the quaint old business and conjure up the memories of his youth came over him. His mother had been one of the grown-up children who believed in the supernatural as children believe in fairies. It was incredible that they could go on believing that they believed it in these days of advancing knowledge.

This would be his last opportunity, for it would hardly do for Mr. Bloomworthy's legatees to be seen frequenting Catholic Churches. From now onward his movements would be somewhat hampered in that direction. The idea rather irked him, subconsciously—Angus was fond of terming himself a "freethinker"—and perhaps there was a suspicion of defiance, as well as of the softer emotions in his soul, as he walked up the path and entered the Church with the others? But whatever it was, there he found himself, sitting in a back

bench in the nave watching the strangely familiar surroundings.

The front benches were filled with damsels of varying sizes clad in white, and veiled. A number of young men with crimson scarves across their shoulders were forming up round the corner. In the Lady chapel a gaudily painted statue of the Blessed Virgin was standing on two trestles, happily diverted from a funereal use, waiting to be borne round in procession.

The organist was playing a cunning variation of a very tuney hymn tune. It took Angus right back to the days of his youth. How childish it all seemed! Yet some of the young men looked intelligent. They would actually be walking behind the gaudy statue, singing hymns in a few minutes! It was certainly time that he officially severed his connection with all this superstitious child's play.

He sat and watched the proceedings with a kind of benevolent superiority—a sense of condescension—the kind that a man feels when he is watching others gain pleasure from things which he has himself outgrown. Poor old Church!

Suddenly the organ burst forth at full blast. The carriers had placed themselves in position and the Madonna was moving forward slowly, high above the heads of the people. The procession had started on its way to the strains of a hymn which Meredith remembered well:

"This is the image of the Queen
Who reigns in bliss above."

The tune was almost jaunty, and ear-tickling to the last degree. The spectator watched the long line of singers as they trailed past his seat. First the white-veiled maidens, then the statue with its bearers; the clergy and the men followed, the latter grading down to a contingent of very small boys who brought up the rear.

One of the bearers of the statue interested Meredith. He was a very aged man, tall and spare, with a shaggy head of snow-white hair. They might have found someone younger for the job, Angus thought. The old fellow looked rather hard pressed. He carried the shafts attached to the flower-laden board upon which the statue stood over his shoulders, which were bent with the weight of years as well as that of the Queen whom they were honoring.

THE clergy followed in their copes. The Queen of Heaven passed by—a pink-and-white Madonna of the people, the countenance not without a certain sweetness of expression as it gazed steadfastly in front over the heads of the worshippers. The congregation was singing the refrain of the hymn:

"Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In this thy own sweet month of May,
Do thou remember me."

The procession continued its way. The priests had looked as though they might

be men given to thought. What did they make of this religious version of the maypole dance? What did they think to gain by trailing round and round a building singing hymns to an image?

It was all very quaint, in this twentieth century.

He could see the statue, gliding, as it were, above the heads of the people down the aisle. There had been nothing majestic about the "image of the Queen," and certainly there was nothing majestic about the music; only a haunting quality that threatened to entoil his mental sense of hearing, as it were. Yet the whole business was producing a result on him—a feeling that he could not define, except that it made the dignity achieved by a humanly respect-worthy function seem a very poor thing by comparison.

THE image was passing Meredith for the second time. The old man in front was evidently feeling the weight of his burden. The sweat was standing on his brow and he was dragging his feet along in a pitiful attempt to keep the pace which had become somewhat accelerated by the exceeding cheeriness of the tune they were singing.

Brian indeed was hard put to it. Every step was bringing its menace of the bearer inadvertently "bending a suppliant knee" at the feet of the statue, which would descend along with him! Brian's knees trembled, for all the strength had gone out of him. The Father had been right. Brian was past carrying Our Lady's image. He could only pray that he might hold out to the end and not mess the procession up, and offer the pain for the Blessed Mother's intentions.

Once again the Queen passed by. The priests in their vestments followed. The men, the boys, grading down to a group of little fellows who might almost be said to toddle. What was happening? Something was being done—something strenuous, symbolized by the sweat on the old man's brow.

A new uncomfortable feeling had come over Meredith. He suddenly felt himself a stranger; an outsider who had no right to be here. Why should he be here poking his nose into things with which he had no concern? The sooner he got out of it the better. Mr. Bloomworthy's trustees would not find him fooling about with religions that he did not belong to again.

But getting out was easier said than done. The procession was still filing past. He must wait until the tail-end had passed by and then make a bolt.

But the tail-end was a long time in coming. Indeed, there did not appear to be a tail-end. There had been a momentary halt. Meredith might have essayed an escape then, but the ranks were too closely ranged for him to slip between them. Then it had started again. On the heels of the last row of toddlers came the small maidens in their white veils. He was surrounded—hemmed in by a complete circle! A

revolving circle which effectually prevented him from leaving the church.

HE knew now what had happened. The poor old fellow who was carrying the statue had given out and the change of bearers had caused the momentary halt which had been quite enough to throw out the procession. They had brought the exhausted old man and placed him in a vacant seat in the south aisle, on a line with the bench in the nave where Meredith was seated. The latter could see him as he knelt there, his face hidden in his hands. He recognized the shaggy head. Poor old chap!

There was nothing for it but to wait until the procession got tired of circling round and round, which would presumably happen sooner or later! He might then escape from the church and get home and attend to Mr. Blosch's letter which had to be sent off that evening.

The image of the Queen was approaching for the third time. The hymn had changed to a new and equally egregious effusion.

"Look down, O Mother Mary,"—
the people sang lustily,

"From thy bright throne above;
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love."

A hefty youth had taken the place of the old man who was kneeling on Meredith's right, facing the approaching statue. Angus had his eye on the drooping head. A sidelong glance showed him, ever and anon, the heaving shoulders of old Brian who was making acts of contrition for having messed up the procession. He had prayed so hard to Our Lady to help him through. He had not let her down. His knees had given way, but he had not let her fall. It had been a hideous moment when the statue had swayed, but he had held on, and it had been indeed a suppliant knee which he had bent in his weakness.

AS the bearers approached, old Brian lifted his face out of his hands and stole a guilty glance upward. The man who was watching him followed his gaze, and his own eyes remained fixed on the face of the statue. What had happened to it! It had become not only life-like but living! The eyes were no longer gazing straight ahead but were turned towards the spot where the

old man was kneeling. Meredith shot a glance back at the latter.

BRIAN was kneeling upright. The guilty look had vanished from his woeful old countenance. Serenity—something more—reigned in its place.

"Look down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above;
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love."

Once more the choristers were singing the refrain. It would almost seem that importunity had got its way at last!

An extraordinary feeling of awe came over the imprisoned spectator. Had he been bewitched? Meredith's gaze again sought the statue, but the impression had been momentary. Once more he encountered a replica of the thousand other Madonnas cast from the same mold. It had truly been:

"One only glance of love."

But that single glance! What did it mean? What tricks had his imagination been playing on him? Angus asked himself the question. Of course it was imagina-



WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO IT! IT HAD BECOME NOT ONLY LIFE-LIKE BUT LIVING!

tion. But there was the old man's own transformed countenance to account for. Old Brian was kneeling now in perfect contentment with his eyes fixed on the altar. The curious shaking of his limbs would be the result of the exhausting task which he had just relinquished.

The procession was moving up the nave. The white-robed maidens melted into the vacant front benches. The image-bearers turned off to the left; the clergy went up to the sanctuary. The magic circle no longer held Meredith within its toils. There was no moving rampart of human beings whose faith proclaimed itself in this strange manner between him and—the business awaiting him. The image of the Queen who reigns in bliss above was no longer pursuing its mystic course. It had been once more deposited in its place in the Lady chapel. There was no reason why he should not now leave the church, if he wished.

Slowly Angus rose from his seat, and very quietly he slipped out. He was a stranger and an alien. And he had got to get home to sign Mr. Blosh's declaration.

Tonight he was to cease, officially, to be a Catholic. An intelligent man by rights ought to be glad of an opportunity to make a public act of repudiation of a religion which favored plaster images and jaunty hymn-tunes as means of making known the Unknowable One, but Meredith was still feeling rather irked by Mr. Blosh's business.

He had very nearly been caught alive. That procession had seemed capable of going on till mid-night! In a sense it was still going on, for the first, haunting, melody was still running in his head:

"Most holy Mary, at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
In this thy own sweet month of May,
Do thou remember me."

And the "image of the Queen" was still before his eyes. No, not the image—the Queen herself!

"Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love."

How these tunes stuck in one's head! It had been extraordinary, that fancy of his. A kind of hypnotic business, he supposed, produced by the recurrence of the words, which, by the way, murdered the English language.

THE May tree at his front gate was in full bloom. Angus wondered if his landlady would die of fright if he defied luck and took a bunch indoors with him. He determined to risk it, and gathered some of the pink blossom.

"In this thy own sweet month of May"—

His mother had always called it the month of Mary. She had loved Maytime—

"Do thou remember me."

Mr. Blosh's document lay open on his

desk when he unlocked it. Meredith read it through once again.

"I hereby declare that I am not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and have no intention of joining it."

WELL, that was true enough. He had ceased to be a member of the Catholic Church, implicitly, if not explicitly. He had never openly repudiated his membership. Short of that, the old Church seemed to regard those brought up in the fold as still belonging to her. The document before him would set him once for all outside her pale.

John Bloomworthy liked to make other people toe the line in regard to their religious convictions. Angus lighted his pipe and became meditative. Old Mr. Bloomworthy had been a bit of a bigot. He had always imagined that money could buy anything. As it happened it was all right. He had rejected the claims of the Catholic Church. Only a week ago a friend had lent him a book on Catholicism which he had not bothered to read. It was still there on his shelf. Perhaps he might have a look at it. It would be interesting to learn what apology the Church made for its bad art, bad poetry and bad music.

He took the book in question from the shelf and settled himself in his arm-chair. He had placed the May in a bowl of water on the table near him.

The book was entitled, "The Spirit of Catholicism." It proved to be arresting—fascinating. "What is Catholicism?" the author, a German University professor, asked. The answer was given in terms of intellectualism, poetry and something deeper and more living than either. Meredith read on and on.

The Church was a living organism. Christ was the real Self of the Church. Difficulties were faced and answered in the language of the scholar, of the lecture-room, yet the thesis set the heart a-throb. There were no gaps in the argument through which one might slip out, any more than there had been gaps in the circle, the magic, no, mystic, circle at St. Aloysius. It was no easy matter to escape the logic of the Church.

Meredith read on far into the night. Here was a passage that arrested his attention:

"Mary is as it were a revelation of certain ineffable and ultimate traits in the nature of God which are too fine and too delicate to be grasped otherwise than as reflected in the mirror of a mother. Ave Maria!"

"Look down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above"—

The homely words were sounding in his ears, unabashed by the exquisite poetry of the prose he was reading. The Church was a living thing. Supernatural in her life and being. What wonder, then, if the supernatural should manifest itself ever and

* "The Spirit of Catholicism," by Karl Adam.

anon? What wonder if the outsider who thought to paddle in her shallow waters should find himself out of his depth?

He read the concluding words:

"The Catholic does not desire some ideal Church, a Church of the philosopher or the poet. Though his Mother be travel-stained with long journeying, though her steps be sometimes halting and weary, and though her countenance, too, be furrowed with care and trouble—yet, she is his Mother. Out of her eyes shines the ancient Faith. From her hands flow ever the ancient blessings. What would Heaven be without God? What would the earth be without this Church? I believe in one Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church."

It was past three o'clock. The scent of the May-blossom filled the room.

The next morning, on his way to the station, Angus Meredith posted a missive to Messrs. Blosh and Sons. It was merely a letter notifying them that, although not a practising Catholic, he was unable to assent to the terms required in connection with the late Mr. John Bloomworthy's legacy.

He glanced at the notice-board when he passed the church of St. Aloysius. He read the words: "Confessions heard on Saturdays from six to nine." A priest would be sitting there patiently waiting on defaulters like himself. An invisible circle had engirdled him all the years through. He just simply had not been able to leave the Church.

FATHER JACKSON was spared further problems with regard to Brian Brady and the May processions, for when the time came round for the next one old Brian lay helpless in bed. The creeping paralysis had accelerated its pace since the last procession and pounced on the victim who had defied it.

"You'll be having the procession without me," the old man said to Father Jackson when he was called in, late on Saturday night. Brian was heading for Eternity at a pace that the agile young Higgins might have envied. "Mebbe it's for the best, seeing as I messed up the last one."

A strange light came into the speaker's eyes.

"But She didn't mind," he said. "I'm thinking She had her reason for letting me down, so to speak."

"Indeed She had, Brian!" Father Jackson laid his hand on the cold one lying on the counterpane. "Do you know that your messing up of the procession was the means of bringing a soul back to the Church; or rather, of preventing it from getting out?"

Brian settled himself back contentedly in his pillows when the priest had done telling him a story which he had heard that night in his study from a visitor who had first sought him in his confessional.

"No wonder She looked pleased," he said.

The Shadow of the Cross

No. I in
The Divine Tragedy

By

Daniel B. Pulsford

FROM the moment that Hamlet steps onto the stage we know that he is a doomed man. The keynote of tragedy is struck in the first scene. The story has its interludes of brightness. Even humor at times comes to our relief.

But as the plot thickens a situation is created which can be brought to a fitting conclusion only by the death of the chief actors. Hamlet was never meant to live the happy life of normal mortals. He is one of those whom suffering has marked for its own. He is of that company who by their melancholy fate expiate the sins and blunderings of others.

The Gospel a Tragedy

SUCH men we may meet in real life. Not necessarily through any fault of their own, misfortune dogs their steps and with a sinister consistency wrecks their plans. Their very superiority to the commonplace humanity around them constitutes them lightning-conductors around which the storm plays, thus absolving the rest of us from danger.

When the final blow falls upon them we are scarcely surprised for we have been prepared by the reading in their faces of the secret doom which they carry and by the course of their story.

It is in this sense that the Gospel narrative is a true Tragedy. That word is often loosely applied. The newspapers have taught us to describe with that word any grave misfortune. A young girl falls under a car in the street and is killed and the headlines announce "A Street Tragedy." A promising politician is cut down in the midst of a successful career and we are informed that his death is "tragic."

But this is not the classic use of the term. In those dramas which deserve the epithet there must be consistency between the hero and his unhappy fate. Death must not come to him as an accident, something extraneous to his personality but rather as the fulfilment of a vocation. The story of life and death must be a whole, the beginning in harmony with the end. The drama should bear evidence of the design of Heaven. It should show unmistakably that the climax is no mere chance but something

which evidently bears the appearance of a compelling Divine necessity.

The Cross a Necessity

ANYONE who reads the New Testament carefully will see that the narrative, up to the point where Christ dies on Calvary, falls into this category. It is a real Tragedy, in the old, classical sense of the term. Its Hero is "a Man of Sorrows" and the scene is set for suffering in its extreme form.

The artless art of the narrators has shown us One Who advances steadily towards His doom. There is never much doubt as to how the story will end. Even if we had not heard it a thousand times we should know. The drama of His brief years moves in an atmosphere like that of a sultry summer day and, when at last the first clap of thunder is heard and the storm bursts on Golgotha, it relieves a tension that has been growing from the beginning.

I would say that, merely from the artistic point of view, the story demands the Cross and no other ending would satisfy the dramatic instinct.

Nothing shows this better than the



FOREBODING BY ROSSET GRANGER

attempts which have been made to supply another ending. A modern novelist, possessed by the craze for novelty, has blasphemously used his own imagination to "improve" upon the Gospel narrative.

In his version Our Lord did not really die on the Cross but only swooned. The coolness of the sepulchre revived Him. He arose and escaped into the country where He lived a hermit's life, continuing to impart His teaching to those who discovered His lair, dying finally as an old man, His burial place unknown.

The Divine a Commonplace

APART from any other consideration and still looking at the matter from the artistic standpoint, that is sheer bathos. At one stroke the Divine Tragedy is reduced to utter commonplaceness. The end does not harmonize either with the personality of Jesus or with the course of His story.

The fantastic results of those who attempt to amend sacred history only serve to show how impossible is the task. Human genius cannot add to the sublimity, dignity, pathos and inherent truth of the

actual Drama, and, in trying to do so, only makes itself ridiculous.

The trend of events in the biography related by the Evangelists not only presents an harmonious whole centering around the Cross, every part related to this Finale, but its conclusion was clearly foreseen and foretold by the Hero.

A Rendezvous with Death

WE have Christ's own testimony to the fact that He came into the world in order to die. He Himself tells us what is going to happen. The dread secret which He has carried in His Heart and which has been visible in the sadness of His eyes finds, again and again, explicit utterance. To use an expression associated with the Greek Drama, He is His own Chorus, supplying the necessary comment and interpretation of His acts and the course of events.

From these utterances we gather that He had a rendezvous with death. In the light of His statements we are compelled to recognize the fact that His mind was dominated by the knowledge of the ordeal He was to undergo, and that His whole life was a preparation for it. The roots of the Tree on which He suffered run back to the beginning of His career.

We have been accustomed to think of the Passion as occupying only a certain definite period. As a matter of fact we are unable to define its boundaries.

Though they were actors in the Drama which had its culminating point on Calvary, the Disciples were blind to the Tragedy that was darkening around them. They are like children chattering among themselves and dabbling their hands in the water while the boat in which they are seated draws steadily nearer to Niagara.

He alone could hear the thunder which their laughter made inaudible to them. It is ever so. The self-deception of men is limitless. One of the poignant things of history is the insensibility which it reveals of those most deeply concerned to great changes close at hand.

Today, crowded theaters, eager buyers and sellers, extravagant social functions, scribes and pharisees haggling about minute points of the Law. Tomorrow, bloody revolution. The tapers of revelry burn right into the Day of Judgment and are extinguished only by the blasts of Divine Wrath.

It is not for a generation which remains heedless to the approaching doom of its civilization to criticize these Disciples who refused to listen to warnings of "crucifixion." We have only to study the Twentieth Century optimist to understand the obtuseness of Jesus' Disciples.

They had the same excuse as those unwarned by the signs of the times have today. They lived in the midst of the events, the meaning of which has become so clear to later times.

It is always difficult to diagnose the symptoms of the present hour. The current

of human affairs seethes round us so bewilderingly that to discover in which direction the main stream is moving demands insight of a high order. The acutest statesmen have been mistaken as to the political tendencies of their age. Literary critics make laughable mistakes in estimating which of their contemporaries will survive the verdict of the future.

The Disciples were too much a part of that movement which was hurrying their Master to death to be able to note its direction. They had not detached themselves from the temporal by hours of communion under midnight stars with the Eternal. The future was still in the womb of the present and they could not tell what it was which the birth-pangs of the New Age would bring forth.

But that excuse does not extend to those who, after the Event which these Disciples failed to see, make the same mistake that they made. It is an amazing fact, but none the less true, that critics, having before them the story of the Gospels and with a full knowledge of what did actually happen, refuse to perceive the truth I have tried to expound.

Renan treated the Galilean ministry of Christ as though it had been a summer picnic in which a fascinating Teacher revelled in a glow of popularity. The French dilettante saw no shadow on Jesus' face. What proved to be a Tragedy he interpreted as a pleasing romance which unaccountably ended in disaster.

He heard no rumble of distant thunder in the sunlit air. The Cross, in his account, was the device of a fanatical party in Jerusalem and not a necessity, darkening the story from its commencement, inherent in the conditions of the world and implicit in the redemptive purpose.

Death—Christ's Bride

IT is idle to treat Christ's life on earth, as so many do, as though the emphasis lay on the discourses and the wonders that He wrought. In these biographies of Our Lord He is presented to us as though He had been no more than another Socrates, a teacher of sublime wisdom, to Whose career crucifixion was merely a rude interruption, an unlooked-for accident which might have been avoided without affecting the essential meaning of His life. In fact, the Cross is represented as bearing the same relation to Christ's mission as drinking the deadly hemlock bore to Socrates' life as a teacher.

Nothing could be more false. G. K. Chesterton does not put it too strongly when he says:

"No two things could possibly be more different than the death of Socrates and the death of Christ. We are meant to feel that the death of Socrates was, from the point of view of his friends at least, a stupid muddle and miscarriage of justice interfering with the flow of a humane and lucid, I had almost said a light, philosophy. We are meant to feel that Death was the

bride of Christ as Poverty was the bride of St. Francis. We are meant to feel that his life was in that sense a sort of love affair with Death, a romance of the pursuit of the ultimate sacrifice. From the moment when the star goes up like a rocket to the moment when the sun is extinguished like a funeral torch, the whole story moves on wings with the speed and direction of a drama, ending in an act beyond words."

From Crib to Cross

MEN who write of Our Lord as though His chief value for us was that of a preacher establishing a new code of ethics and giving it shape in pointed aphorisms and homely parables miss the whole significance of the Gospel narrative.

They make the same mistake as did the Disciples but without the excuse of those who lived in the midst of the events preceding the final Tragedy. The critics have the whole of the Drama before them. They have read—and presumably studied—the Evangelists in whose accounts the Death occupies an altogether disproportionate space.

It may be assumed that they have read also those Epistles of St. Paul which represent the thought of Christ's immediate followers and in which the Apostle almost ignores the Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount in order to concentrate on "Christ and Him crucified."

It is significant that the same writers who minimize the significance of the Cross minimize also the beginning and the end of the story. They have little to say either of the miraculous Birth or the miraculous Resurrection. To have admitted these two stupendous Events would have made it necessary to heighten the color of the Passion and to make it more central.

Granted that God came down to earth in His Own Person, you must concede that His object should have been something more than the uttering of a few wise sayings. It is only the Passion, interpreted as the offering of a Divine Sacrifice, which maintains the scale given by the story of the Nativity.

Our sense of proportion is outraged by an interpretation which admits the Incarnation but fails to see that the path from the Bethlehem Crib runs straight to the Cross. On the other hand, if the Incarnation be denied, then the traditional interpretation of Christ's Death is out of drawing.

It bulks too greatly in comparison with what are presumed to be His human beginnings. The Incarnation demands an object worthy of such an overwhelming Event, and that object is found only by regarding the Cross as Christ's goal from the beginning, a goal set for Him because by that means alone could atonement be made for the sins of the world.

Again, if the truth of the Resurrection be obscured, then a life which hinges on Calvary appears as unrelieved tragedy and gives the impression of final defeat. Those

who doubt the story of the empty Tomb find it necessary to mitigate the shadows which fall on the preceding career. The gloom is too sombre if there be no Easter sequel. Therefore, we must be asked to contemplate a sunny landscape in the midst of which is seated a Jewish duplicate of the Athenian Philosopher discoursing to admiring crowds!

The Incarnation, a dominating Cross and a miraculous Resurrection hang together. They are parts of the same picture drawn to the same scale. If you deny the Virgin Birth and the Empty Tomb then you must reduce the scale of the Cross. That is just what the critics in question have done. And in that way they have utterly falsified or ignorantly rewritten the Gospel Story.

It has been customary to distinguish between the "historical Jesus," as He is

presented to us in the Gospels, and the "theological Christ," and to say that this latter was invented by St. Paul.

The Uniform Teaching

THE Apostle, we are told, brought his rabbinical mind to bear upon the simple account of an inspired Teacher given by the Evangelists and tortured it into something entirely different. His emphasis on the Sacrifice of the Cross, we are asked to believe, is untrue to the original. His arguments to prove the necessity for a Divine Offering for sin have no basis, we are assured, in the Gospels. Jesus was merely a religious genius Who gave utterance to sublime ideals. He was an Oracle of lofty wisdom to Whom we should do well to give heed. But His death at the hands of a fanatical mob had no more relation to His mission than had Socrates'

unfortunate end to the philosophy which he taught.

That is the view set forth by Modernist writers, and, inasmuch as it professes to be based on the Gospels, it is palpably false. The Cross is no less prominent in those Gospels than it is in St. Paul's Epistles. It is the focus of the story.

Everything leads up to it. The Evangelists' biographies of their Master are permeated with the sense of impending Tragedy. Their Hero is marked out from the first as doomed. He did many things but the primary thing that He had to do was to die.

His vocation was that of the Supreme Sufferer. The work to which He was called and for which He had come into the world was to offer a Divine Sacrifice. Nothing less than that is the clear meaning of those very records to which the critics appeal.

Turn for Turn

By Edmund Hill, C.P.

JESUS, my King, I have crucified Thee,
Now it is Thy turn to crucify me.

Make Thou the cross, be it only like Thine;
Mix Thou the gall so Thy love be the wine.

Shrink not to strip me of all but Thy grace.
Stretch me out well till I fit in Thy place.

Here are my hands, felon-hands, and my feet,
Drive home the nails, Lord, the pain will be sweet.

Raise me, and take me not down till I die,
Only let Mary, my Mercy, stand by.

Last, while I live, let the spear do its part
Right through the heart, my King, right through the heart.

IN "MEDIEVAL" PITTSBURGH

By John J. Gorrell, K.H.S., K.C.S.G.

Latvian Vice-Consul, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHOULD the historian, the folklorist or the student of æsthetics have wandered into Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on Friday afternoon in Lent when the Stations of the Cross are in progress, he would have been transferred from the world of the present; at once he would have found himself enveloped in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages and his thoughts would go back to the tenth century. He would have seen the Way of the Cross being depicted by means of pantomime. He would have beheld a Passion Play before his very eyes portrayed in a manner that was the ordinary way of making the Way of the Cross in the medieval period.

Our first reflection is on the word "Station." How did it have its beginning and

how did it find its way into the ceremonies of the Catholic Church? Turning back to the very beginning of the Church in Rome, we find that the word "Station" has a very close connection with the word "Collect," which is now a part of the Mass, that is, the short prayers before the Epistle. The original form seems to have been "collecta" which at a later date took the form of "collectio," a gathering. In the early centuries of the Church word would be sent out that the Holy Mass would be offered at a certain station. The original meaning of the word "collecta" or "collectio" seems to have been this: it was a coming together of the people (*ad collectionem populi*) at a certain church on days when there was a station somewhere else where the Sacrifice was to

be offered. The people gathered together and became a collection at this first church; after certain prayers had been said they went in procession to the station-church. A reminder of this is to be found in the Roman Missal for it will be noted that on all major feast days and Sundays, the name of the Station Church is given; thus on the Feast of Easter, the station is St. Mary Major; on Pentecost, that of St. Peter, etc.

Coming down to the time of the Middle Ages, this term, "Station," seems to have been carried along for we find that when the drama made its appearance in the church in the form of the Mystery, Miracle and Passion Plays, certain scenes always appeared at a particular spot or station in the church.

In the history of the drama we find that in the dialogues of the Birth of Christ, choristers, with shepherd's crooks in their hands, came in by the eastern portal on Christmas morning and advanced through the congregation, singing the glad tidings, until they drew near to the manger within the chancel, in the front of which they might meet other officials of the church representing the Three Wise Men. Later, a place apart was found for Herod and his soldiers; and other places, here and there in the vast cathedral, were assigned to the actors in other episodes in Christ's career—the Temple for one, and, for another, the House of the High Priest. These several places were called "Stations."

Dramatic Beginnings

NOT only were the different episodes enacted at particular stations but the station was located at the most appropriate part of the edifice—the pantomime of Christ in the Manger was always on the chancel steps, the Raising of Lazarus near the crypt, the Crucifixion near the altar.

The portrayal of the Way of the Cross or Stations of the Cross in the churches is not a new thing by any means. The drama, as just noted, like all of the aesthetic contributions for the betterment of mankind, had its birth and beginning in the Church itself. Thus we find at the very outset that Mystery, Miracle and Passion Plays were the beginning of the art of the drama and they were first enacted in the church.

It seems proper, however, at the outset of this discussion to have a very clear understanding as to the difference in the Miracle, Mystery and Passion Plays.

The first evidences of birth of the drama under Christian auspices are found in the tenth century when the Benedictine monks of St. Gall, in Switzerland, wrote sequences, hymns, litanies and tropes and set them to music. The tropes were but an elaboration of parts of the liturgy, especially the Introit of the Mass. Such tropes were the very finest musical settings and remained in vogue until the end of the seventeenth century. The Church allowed these dramatic procedures and, in fact, contributed to them. It was a very effective means of impressing upon the minds of the faithful the event that was being celebrated.

We find that on certain solemn feasts such as Christmas and Easter, the Divine Office was interrupted and the priests represented, in the presence of those assisting, the religious event that was being commemorated. The earliest of these dates also from the tenth century and first made their appearance in England during the services of Easter day. At first these tropes and plays were very short and the text of the liturgical drama was very brief and was taken from the Gospel or the Office of the day. These were prose and always in Latin. Latterly, verse pervaded the entire drama, prose became the

exception and the vernacular began to supplant the Latin. When this reform had reached its height, the drama left the sacred precincts of the sanctuary and the chancel and thus ceased to be liturgical although it retained its religious character.

The Mystery Plays seem to be the most ancient form of the drama in the medieval period and took their subjects from the Scripture narrative centering around the life of Christ and the great mysteries of the Christian faith.

Miracle Plays were taken from the lives of the saints. They made their appearance almost concurrently with the mystery plays and, in many instances, were confused with them. The significant thing about these plays was that, in depicting the life of a saint, they were able to get away from the scriptural text and thus have a greater latitude and a greater range of characters. In the Miracle Play a nearer approach to contemporary life was possible and a freer introduction of the comedy element than reverence would allow in the mystery play.

The Passion Plays also appeared in the tenth century. In the beginning, like the Miracle and Mystery Plays, they were simple in text and dramatization. All of the texts were in Latin and scenes depicting the Crucifixion and the Passion were always enacted near the altar. They were not too realistic, the actors being restricted to the telling of the story of the Passion and sufferings of the Christ.

The revival of the Passion Plays in our own day singularly comes also in England where they had their inception in the early tenth century. For this revival, the world shall be thankful to Mr. Hilary Douglas Pepler, founder of the colony of craftsmen under Catholic auspices known as the Ditching Colony. In February of this year, he came to the United States and his first attempt at the enactment of the Stations of the Cross by means of the pantomime was at Sacred Heart Church with the coöperation of the pastor, Reverend Dr. Thomas F. Coakley.

A raised dais or stage is erected just outside the altar rail, within the chancel, and it is from this station that the dramatization takes place. The cross-bearer and acolytes with candles proceed around the church from Station to Station. The priest in the pulpit announces the number and title of the station and the children of the parish school proceed to interpret the Station in tableau.

Stations in Pantomime

THERE is absolutely no display of the dramatic art. All movements are simple and not one word is spoken by the actors. The boys are vested in black cassocks with the exception of the one playing the part of the Christ who has a white surplice over the cassock. The little girls playing the part of the daughters of Jerusalem, Veronica as well as the one playing the rôle of the Blessed Mother, are simply

dressed in gowns of white and blue with veils.

The underlying thought in the portrayal of the Stations in this manner is to carry out the entire procedure without any taint of the dramatic but to have every movement express pathos, with consummate dignity and reverence, so as to grip the interest of the congregation and impress upon their minds the deep significance of the Station being portrayed. Every attempt at the theatrical is barred. The children proceed by slow and measured actions to portray the sad events that are commemorated in the Stations one by one.

A Medieval Revival

THE return of this method of the Way of the Cross takes us back five hundred long years to the days of the Medieval Church. It is rather significant that in this century of progress, when we boast of every conceivable form of advancement, a medieval manner of saying the Stations should be resurrected.

A return of the old Mystery Plays may be sensed in the remarks of a distinguished professor in one of the American schools of drama only a short time ago. He was giving instructions to one of his classes concerning a certain stage production and how it should be performed. He quoted all of the directions from a set of instructions drawn up by no less a personage than the Lord Bishop of Winchester, England, wherein is outlined the manner of conduct on the part of the players in portraying Mystery Plays in the churches.

The development of the idea of portraying the Way of the Cross by means of pantomime in the United States of America will be watched with a great deal of interest, and to Mr. Hilary Douglas Pepler must go the credit of reviving this ancient religious custom in our own day. For it is but a revival of the spirit of those glorious centuries known to us in our time as the Middle Ages. England, where these Passion Plays had their inception, happens to be the home of Mr. Pepler who was responsible for bringing with him, from across the sea, the influence of the Ditching Colony. He has brought to America a noble note from the golden past.

He has made a distinct contribution not only to the Catholic life in Pittsburgh, but to the United States as a whole, and its development throughout the nation will be but a revival of that ancient custom and a return to those eternal verities from which the sons of Adam of this present generation have wandered all too far.

In the course of time, these beautiful things have been lost in the mad chase after gold and the things of material wealth. For the epochs of history yet to be unfolded and recorded, may we express the hope that many other golden notes from the past, such as the portrayal of the Stations in pantomime, will be brought out for our further edification and education and public worship.

PLAYING *with* NAMES

By

Hugh T. Henry,
Litt.D.

PLAYING with (or on) names is not a new sort of "game," although it is a most ancient and, as the present paper hopes to illustrate, a very modern practice. The player may, as in the game called Solitaire, be one individual. And yet, as history shows us abundantly, two can "play at that game" when one individual tries to slur another individual by playing with (or on) that other's name.

Reading only the title of this paper, serious-minded readers may be tempted to repeat Juliet's trite question:

"What's in a name? that which we call a
rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Nevertheless, powerful minds and saintly hearts have not disdained to play with personal names. And sometimes they seem to have found in that practice something like a hidden manna.

SUCH was, indeed, the case with Father Fidelis of the Cross. It is not part of my purpose to give here even the slightest sketch of his long, arduous, self-denying and saintly life. Who will may find that story beautifully told in the volume entitled: "Fidelis of the Cross: James Kent Stone." It is a book of 467 pages; but it will hold the interest of young and old alike, and will prove as informative as it is interesting.

While reading that long narrative a very few years ago, I could not fail to note how the brilliant and powerful mind of the Catholic convert loved to play with the meanings of personal names.

One of his best-loved confrères was the young Father Maurice, C. P. (Theodore Dehon Smith), who "gave his young life in a distant land, having made sacrifice of all things" (page 259), and whose biography by his sister has appeared this year under the title of "A Knight of the Cross." Both volumes were written by Helen Grace Smith.

After the death of Father Maurice, Father Fidelis wrote from Rome, on September 22, 1897: "Though anniversaries in general are beyond my grasp, I always remember this day, because it is the feast of St. Maurice, our dear boy's patron. And when poor old Father Amadeus chose the name, I think he must have been directed 'better than he knew,' the choice proved so appropriate. They were both true soldiers, the two Maurices, and finished so nobly and without flinching. May the same spirit be ours!"

Fidelis thought that when the novice-master chose the name of Maurice for the young postulant, he was directed better than he knew, so appropriate was the choice of a name; for St. Maurice, leader

of the famous Theban Legion, was martyred, together with his comrades, because of his testimony to Christ, and became not only the heavenly patron of many places but as well of soldiers in general, and of the Papal Swiss Guard in particular. Repre-

sented in art in the full armor of a knight, he was a most fitting patron of the young Passionist, Brother Maurice, who tamed his spirit to the meekness of the Cross as well as to its lessons of complete sacrifice. It was accordingly a happy inspiration to entitle the biography of the young priest, "A Knight of the Cross."

My readers might easily fancy that the sacrificial life and death of Father Maurice had suggested this comparison to Father Eidelis; but such a thought would be a mistaken one. Fourteen years before that sad



FATHER FIDELIS OF THE CROSS (JAMES KENT STONE) WAS BORN IN BOSTON, NOVEMBER 10, 1840. HE WAS THE SON OF DR. JOHN SEELY STONE, AN EPISCOPALIAN CLERGYMAN, AND MARY KENT, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JAMES KENT, AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS "KENT'S COMMENTARIES." ENTERING THE EPISCOPALIAN MINISTRY, HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF KENYON, AND LATER OF HOBART, COLLEGE. HE WAS CONVERTED TO THE CHURCH IN 1869. AFTER SOME YEARS IN THE PAULIST COMMUNITY, HE ENTERED THE PASSIONIST ORDER IN 1877. ON OCTOBER 14, 1920, HE DIED IN THE HOME OF HIS DAUGHTER FRANCES, IN SAN MATTEO, CALIFORNIA.

event, Fidelis had played on the name, writing from Buenos Aires on June 19, 1885: "I have heard of your brother Maurice's ordination to the priesthood. What a magnificent *fait accompli* . . . There is something chivalrous about Maurice, and I am glad he had a warrior's name."

Fidelis was clearly so "intrigued" by this name that I yield to the temptation to elaborate slightly upon it. The Roman Breviary commemorates St. Maurice and His Companions on September 22. In his edition of the Roman Missal translated into English, Dom Cabrol, O. S. B., notes briefly that they were "soldiers of the famous Theban Legion who were put to death in 286 at a spot in the valley of the Rhone in Switzerland where the town of St. Moritz now stands. Recent excavations have brought to light the ruins of an ancient basilica."

The Lesson in the Roman Breviary tells us that St. Maurice was able by his pleadings with the Christian soldiers to fortify them in suffering martyrdom by the order of Maximianus rather than accede to his wish that they should associate themselves with pagans in celebrating pagan deities. The decimation was carried out with cruel thoroughness, and the Church honors the sacred memory of the "white-robed army of martyrs."

Father Fidelis, accordingly saw in the heroic self-abnegation and perseverance of the young Maurice a lovely appropriateness in the name conferred upon him by his novice-master. "What's in a name?" forsooth! Fidelis had himself, as a young man, been a soldier in the American Civil War, in which a younger brother of his had been killed. He could, therefore, appreciate quiet heroism. But his mind especially harked back to the third century of the Christian era, and recalled, in the name of St. Maurice, a timely modern suggestion for a Knight of the Cross.

THERE seems to be a Catholic instinct in respect of names. Let us pursue the idea in the case of Father Fidelis. Before his conversion to the Catholic faith, his wife had died, leaving three small children. The first child was named Cornelia, after her mother, but the Rev. James Kent Stone (as he then was) called her Nellie. The second child was named Ethel, and her mother defended the naming because Ethel means "noble," and she hoped that the child might "fit the name."

Doubtless the ancient pagans shared such a hope with Mrs. Stone when they gave their children various names indicative of natural virtues—names which pagan converts to Christianity carried over into their new Faith and which, made nobler by Christian virtues and even martyrdoms, have come down the ages with this new Christian connotation. There are many such names in our hagiography.

To return now to Ethel. The fond mother's hope was not to be realized, because the child died in infancy. The



FATHER MAURICE OF ST. JOSEPH (THEODORE DEHON SMITH) WAS BORN AT YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO, JANUARY 1, 1857, OF GENERAL THOMAS KILBY SMITH AND ELIZABETH BUDD MCCULLOUGH. HE ENTERED THE PASSIONIST ORDER IN 1878, AND WAS ORDAINED PRIEST IN 1885. AFTER SIX YEARS OF MISSIONARY WORK AND TEACHING IN THE UNITED STATES, HE SAILED FOR THE ARGENTINE, OCTOBER 21, 1891, TO CONTINUE HIS MISSIONARY LABORS. NEVER OF A ROBUST CONSTITUTION, HIS SHORT BUT COMPLETE LIFE CAME TO AN END IN BUENOS AIRES, FEBRUARY 15, 1894.

youngest of the three children was Frances. All three of his children were living when the Rev. Dr. Stone entered the Catholic Church, but their mother had died. In his last days on earth, Father Fidelis wrote to Frances:

"When I became a Catholic, you, all three, received Catholic Baptism in the Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy at Manchester, N. H. I gave to all of you the name of Mary as a prefix to your previous names: Mary Cornelia, Mary Ethel and Mary Frances. I had already dedicated you all to Our Blessed Lady, and wished you to bear her name. . . . This is your true name, the name by which you are registered in the archives of Heaven, the name by which Our Lady and the angels

know you, and by which you will be known in the Day of Eternity."

In thus prefixing Mary to each of the three names, the convert illustrated finely the Catholic instinct in names. The children had been named Cornelia (after the mother), Frances (after an aunt), and Ethel (simply as a "noble" name). But the convert to Catholicism wished all three to have a heavenly patronage, and chose for their Patroness the Queen of the Saints.

Similarly, while as yet but a novice in the Paulist community, he had assumed the name of Mary Magdalen, so that, instead of James Kent Stone—the name of Kent having a great prominence in American legal lore—his name became James Mary Magdalen Stone. His mother appears to

have disliked this new-fangled style of naming, and he accordingly wrote to her a delightful letter from which I quote:

"You ask me about the initials 'J. M. M. S.' You know, when a Catholic enters Religion he generally takes a Saint's name in addition to his own. He does not therefore 'abandon' his old name. . . . I elected St. Mary Magdalen. . . . She was the first Saint I ever prayed to; and she has done great things for me already. She is a glorious Saint, such a marvel of penitence and love, so gentle, yet so fearless. . . . It was on St. Magdalen's Day (July 22) that I first took the children to Manchester."

The whole letter is replete with the spirit of tender, generous, fearless devotion of a peculiarly Catholic kind. But it is too long for full quotation here (pages 221, 222 of his biography).

Another illustration of his musings over names is found in a letter of sympathy which he wrote on the death of an aunt (Helen) of Father Maurice:

"It is not without beautiful significance," he wrote, "that Aunt Helen died on the Feast of her Patron Saint. She bore her name right nobly and royally. In all her ways she was queenly." He was thinking of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great.

Readers of the biographies of either Father Fidelis or his comrade-in-arms, Father Maurice, will understand why I now turn to the happy naming of Father Fidelis of the Cross, previously the Rev. Dr. James Kent Stone of the Episcopal communion.

Fides (that is, Faith) is obviously an appropriate name for a Christian. The Roman Martyrology commemorates a *Sancta Fides* on August 1. She was martyred with her mother, *Sophia* (that is, Wisdom) and her sisters *Spes* (that is, Hope) and *Caritas* (that is, Charity). These four names are not unusual for girls.

There was a St. Faith or *Fides*, virgin and martyr in the Diocletian persecution, in the year 304. Seventeen churches in England, as well as the crypt of old St. Paul's, are named "St. Faith."

The derivatives from *Fides* are many: Fidelis, Fidentianus, Fidentinus, Fidentius, Fidiolus, Fidolus, Fidus, Fidatus. Just at present we are especially interested in the derivative, Fidelis.

OUR most prominent St. Fidelis is the Saint of Sigmaringen. His feast is on April 24, and the Roman Breviary has three fairly long Lessons describing his life, condensed by Dom Cabrol into the short statement (which must now suffice for us): "A Capuchin missionary in the seventeenth century, put to death by the heretics out of hatred for the Faith." He was beatified in 1729 and was canonized in 1745.

Now the Passionist Order was founded by St. Paul of the Cross in the year 1737, just midway between 1729 and 1745. I am inclined to think that when James Kent Stone received, as a Passionist novice, the

name of Fidelis of the Cross, he was especially honored by his novice-master, the very strict and austere Father Amadeus.

St. Fidelis was a modern martyr, and was a model of bravery and fortitude. One of his symbolic insignia is a crucifix. This fact is enshrined in the name of Father Fidelis of the Cross, even as the Cross and Nails together with the inscription, *Jesu Xpi Passio*, form the insignia of the Passionist Fathers.

The life of Father Fidelis was one of notable self-abnegation and of a faithful following of the Cross in his entry into the Catholic Church and into the Passionist Order. In that Order he labored for more than two score years, with great self-denial, in several capacities and in several widely-separated climes.

It is probable that his humility made him—lover though he was of symbolism

in names—oblivious of the highly appropriate significance of his own name in Religion. His novice-master had purposely put his vocation to the test by trials and mortifications, and when these were successfully surmounted by his unconquerable good-will and high idealism, he received—not without a purpose, we may confidently suppose, on the part of Father Amadeus—the justifiable name of Fidelis of the Cross.

We may understand, withal, how he thenceforth kept in mind the warning and the comfort of the Apocalypse: "Be thou faithful (*fidelis*) unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life" (ii. 10). Well did his biographer remark that Fidelis of the Cross "*illustrated his religious name.*" I have ventured to put these words in italics to show how the Catholic instinct for names is found in this tribute by one of the laity.

The Hidden Flame

By Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B.

"I, the Infinite God, desire to be served by you in an infinite degree, and you have nothing infinite but your desires."—St. Catherine of Siena.

IN MY spirit's centre
Burns a flaming fire,
Longings, boundless, ardent,
Limitless desire!

Come, O Holy Spirit!
Fan the hidden flame;
Father, send Thy Kingdom!
Hallowed be Thy Name!

Reign, beloved Jesus,
Reign in every heart
Make me Thine Apostle
Let me do my part!

Lord my God, Creator!
Nothingness am I,
Longings have I limitless,
Understand my cry!

Infinite Creator!
Love and Light and Fire!
All I have is finite,
But Infinite Desire.

Look upon my longings,
Count them as my love,
Crown them in Thy Kingdom
Every deed above!

WOMAN AND NATURALISM

By

Albert F. Kaiser,
C. PP. S.

WOMEN and children, being the most sensitive part of the moral and social organism, are the first to feel the ravages of social unrest and moral disease. In the economic maladjustment and unequal distribution of today, we pity the women and children of the unhoused and unfed poor, victims of economic slavery rather than shiftless habits. What then shall we say of the women and children who fall a prey of that moral cancer that eats out the very vitals of domestic virtue, namely, Naturalism?

It is important, therefore, that woman herself realize the danger, so that she can fully cope with it. In her newly discovered political and social freedom, she must be cautious to preserve her moral self-respect and domestic balance.

Sad to relate, woman herself is fostering and spreading the new cult of the flesh. Noble men have always looked up to woman as to a spiritual queen, but now a certain type—the effeminated feminist—would make her a mere plaything of fierce elemental passion. The new woman decries modesty as hypocrisy, and self-restraint as an unjustified inhibition. She denies the taint of original sin and the necessity of self-denial.

Instead of admitting with the Catholic Church that there is a lack of harmony between the spirit and the unmortified flesh, she spreads (with ravaging results) the alluring heresy that the flesh is harmless and innocent; that, good in itself, human nature never tends to inordinate gratification; in a word, that nature is a law unto itself.

Denying the undeniable fact that the flesh exercises an unlawful appeal, the "emancipated" woman decries the practice of modesty and restraint. She unblushingly tells men and women—even such who need not be told—that nature may be indulged to the full without any harm.

SOCIETY has erected certain dams to protect itself against the floods of corruption. Heretofore women have nobly sacrificed their lives to repair any leak in the social dykes. Now their spokeswomen are trying to open the flood-gates.

Instinctively has society devised apt ways and means to protect the virtue of woman and the purity of the home from the unleashed, elemental, savage passion of men, which if it had its way, would sacrifice every human and Divine consideration to its own gratification. The women who are letting down the barriers of restraint and derisively doing away with all conventions of morality, and even with the sacredness of marriage itself, are the rapers of womanhood, the desecrators of motherhood, and murderers of society.

Without a shred of dignity, without a sense of elemental shame, they would subjugate sweet and pure womanhood to the degrading enslavement of the flesh.

And if woman, by nature purer and more refined than man, denatures herself, she becomes a flesh-eating tigress, swooping down upon the integrity of the home and the purity of the race. What untold

NATURALISM opposes nature's dictates to God's laws. The mind despises the higher truth; the will rejects the higher good. The Supernatural is ignored to make way for a leveling, degrading sort of Naturalism. Man, rejecting the God above him, worships the "evil genius" within him. He follows the blind, crude and self-destructive sex-instinct. He submits to all other restrictions; but sex must have undisputed sway. And yet there is nothing more disgusting, more licentious, more disgraceful and appalling in its final outcome than sex-madness. Freedom in chains, martyrdom without honor, paradise without heaven.

coarseness and brutality she is preparing for herself! Instead of enriching, refining and ennobling domestic and social life, she is empowering, coarsening and degrading herself and society.

With less license for the flesh and more freedom of the spirit, woman should have a clearer vision of the whole of life. It is time that normal and sane women organize their forces and concentrate their energy against the wholesale lack of restraint, the shameless fashions in dress, the licentiousness of the press and the stage. All these are startlingly common, and they all lead to degeneracy, perversion, psychic and nervous disorders and beastliness.

What is needed is a wholesome return to common-sense decency, modesty, restraint, spiritual self-control. Woman herself must set the pace. It is a common and true saying that the morals of an age are to be judged by the purity of its women.

The woman of today is the mother and teacher of tomorrow. Her traits and characteristics enter into the making of the

next generation much more than that of the man. As a mother, her influence upon the growing child is incomparably greater than that of the father. If she would enrich the world with normal, healthy and pure children, she must sow the seeds of modesty and self-restraint by her own example.

WOMAN has gravely neglected her duty. If a sense of shame and of modesty has almost entirely departed, woman must assume a large share of the responsibility. It will be her privilege to restore that which has almost been lost. Dr. Foerster writes:

"Recent years have seen a remarkable lessening in the sense of shame. It no longer plays the part it once did in the education of the young. The consensus of centuries of opinion in favor of cultivating this protective factor is today being ignored. The sense of shame is a health-preserving instinct. There was certainly much justification in a reaction against false prudery—a prudery derived from unwholesome reflection and not from deep and pure instinct. Today, however, this reaction has shot far beyond the mark. A far more wholesome instinct lies behind the ancient modesty with regard to sex matters than can be found in the shamelessness of modern life. Modesty has stood for centuries as a barrier between the hidden sources of life and strength on the one hand and the destructive influence of reflection and over-excitation on the other. People must relearn the true necessity and value of that protective instinct of the unconscious life which we call shame."

In a word, the naturalistic and unholy cult of the flesh which enslaves the spirit, is perhaps the most fundamental danger to woman's dignity and honor. Is woman ready to sacrifice her Christian heritage for a mess of pork? Does she expect true liberty to be born of indulgence and license? Will she demand respect and honor from her mate, or will she blindly submit to man's ever increasing demands? When she allows man to accept her at her own cheap evaluation, her doom is sealed.

Dr. Bruehl concludes his brochure, (*Naturalism a Foe to Woman and her Dignity*) with these words: "The poison that is corrupting modern life is Naturalism. The antidote is the practice of asceticism and the restoration of modesty. It is time to begin this work before the last vestige of shame, modesty and decency have disappeared from among us. The difficulty need not discourage us. The work partakes of the nature and character of a holy crusade and has the support and blessing of the Holy Father. It surely has the approval of God Himself, Who is a spirit and loves not the way of the flesh."

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

R. A.—Provided the prayers are offered up conditionally, that is, dependent on the original or primary intention, there is no contradiction.

H. T.—You would fulfill your promise by reciting the prayers in the manner you mention, though you would not gain the indulgences. Indulgences attached to vocal prayer require that prayer must be made with the lips.

W. K.—The question as to where Cain got his wife has been answered many times already in THE SIGN. The last answer appeared in the May, 1932, issue, page 607.

NOVA SCOTIA—(1) It is permitted to use another's rosary and to gain the indulgences attached, provided the conditions for gaining them are fulfilled. (2) Several communions may be received after confession. (3) Saying prayers in bed is treated below. (4) The devotion of the Nine First Fridays may be made in any parish.

F. K.—(1) The vigil of the Feast of the Circumcision (New Year's Day) is not a day of fast and abstinence. (2) The law of abstinence ceases on a Holy Day which occurs outside Lent. Therefore, if New Year's Day falls on a Friday the abstinence does not bind. (3) The sinfulness of attending a burlesque performance depends on the character of the performance and the danger of sin to the person attending. If the exhibition is gravely indecent, it is probable that for the generality of persons it would be an occasion of grave sin. (4) In mixed marriages a baptismal certificate must be obtained from both the Catholic and the non-Catholic party, unless the baptism of the former took place in the parish where he is to be married. (Canon 1021.)

E. B.—(1) The diocesan regulations, read from the pulpit at the beginning of Lent, determine the method of observing the laws of fast and abstinence. They generally allow a piece of bread and a cup of coffee, tea, or thin chocolate for breakfast. The collation to be taken in the evening is limited to the fourth part of a regular meal, that is, from eight to ten ounces. Water is permitted at all times. Only drinks that are nourishing are forbidden on a fast day. (2) It is not required that a woman must belong to the Children of Mary in order to be married at the altar.

A. I. S.—The letters S. P. Q. R., in the illustration depicting the rejection of Jesus in favor of Barabbas, on page 405 of the February, 1932, issue, are the abbreviation of *Senatus Populusque Romanus* (Senate and People of Rome).

V. McD.—All the data which we have on St. Viola are the following note: St. Viola was a virgin and martyr of Verona, whose feast day is May 3.

A. B.—The manner of observing Lent is made known, as said above, in the diocesan regulations, which are read from the pulpit, and also published in the diocesan paper.

L. K.—We would have to know all the details before giving an opinion. Possibly there may be room for the application of the Pauline Privilege. (See THE SIGN for May, 1932, page 604 seq.)

M. E. C.—The list of books on the Index of Forbidden Books is too long for us to print. A pamphlet containing the better known books can be obtained by sending to us 15 cents in stamps.

S. K.—We are not sure of the reason why the Holy See withdrew the indulgences formerly attached to the Chaplet of Mercy, or Invocations to the Holy Wounds.

E. C.—(1) The following note on St. Amelia, sometimes called St. Amelburga, is given in *The Book of Saints*. She was a nun of Bilesea, near Liege, under the Abbess St. Landrada. She died in her monastery in A. D. 772, after a long life of prayer and penance. She was buried at Tamise in the Ardennes, where she had built a church on her family estate. Her relics were translated to an abbey in the neighborhood of Ghent, towards the end of the 11th century. Feast day July 10. (2) St. Jude is commonly regarded as one to petition in desperate cases.

M. B.—It is forbidden by the rubrics of the Mass to celebrate a Funeral Mass on the Feast of the Epiphany.

N. V.—(1) Turpitude comes from the Latin word *turpitude*, meaning "inherent baseness; vileness, depravity, or any action showing depravity." (*Standard Dictionary*.) When applied to moral conduct we call these things "moral turpitude." The latter phrase appears to be a legal expression. We are not able to say whether or not "moral turpitude" constitutes a reason for deportation. (2) The person in question should mention the affair to her confessor, and ask for direction.

EDITOR'S NOTE

IN an effort to catch up with our heavy correspondence many answers to questions, which have no general interest, are condensed in the Private Replies. So many queries are sent in to this department that it is impossible to keep pace with them. And this, despite the fact that so much space is allotted to The Sign-Post. While we flatter ourselves that this is evidence that The Sign-Post is considered by our readers an interesting and instructive feature of this magazine, it is also cause for regret that we cannot answer our correspondents sooner. We ask them to be patient.

In the future we request our readers kindly to observe the following points:

(1) Please write questions in ink or type, and on one side of the paper only.

(2) Keep questions separate from all other business.

(3) Questions should be concerned with the Faith and Practice of the Church, and cognate matters.

(4) Matters of conscience and urgent moral problems should be taken to one's Pastor or Confessor.

(5) We cannot answer by personal letter.

P. W. H.—(1) A cloistered nun is a Religious who is bound by the law of enclosure. By virtue of this law it is forbidden to admit any but those specified by law, and it is likewise forbidden the Religious to leave the enclosure, except with special permission and for reasons approved by the canon law. (2) We have no knowledge of the nun in question.

W. F. B.—Communicate with the Foreign Missionary Seminary, Maryknoll, N. Y. There is a society of Brothers in this community.

G. G. M.—We recommend *The Faith of Our Fathers*, and *Our Christian Heritage*, by the late Cardinal Gibbons; *Catholic Belief*, by Bruno; and *The Catholic Religion*, by Martin.

M. W.—The administration of Baptism belongs to the pastor of the parish. Therefore, the Fathers of the Monastery may not lawfully baptize, except in case of necessity.

L. M.—(1) There are Scapulars of the Precious Blood and of the Holy Face. We are unable to discover the obligations attached to the wearing of them. (2) The question of ecclesiastical declarations of nullity was answered in our July issue, page 729, *seq.*

READER—It is unbecoming to say one's prayers lying in bed, unless there is a sufficient cause for so doing, as, for example, in sickness.

H. Y.—The case should be submitted to the pastor. Provided the parties are free from impediments it is possible to validate the marriage.

L. Z.—Your promise was a conditional one. Since the condition was not fulfilled, you are not held to the promise. You may also promise something else, if you think it more fitting.

M. D. S.—In the circumstance the action is lawful. If you wish to mention it to your confessor, do so in the manner in which you have written us.

A. S.—*The Masterful Monk*, is entertaining and instructive reading. The Index of Forbidden Books is not exhaustive. Each one's conscience must be obeyed when one realizes that certain types of books are prejudicial to the purity of faith and morals. The two other books mentioned by you are in this class.

A. M. P.—(1) Marriage may be contracted on any day of the year. (Canon 1108.) Therefore, it is lawful to contract marriage on St. Patrick's Day. (2) Your statement that you read some time ago in THE SIGN that there are about 105 reasons why marriages could be declared null is somewhat inaccurate. In our July, 1931, issue, page 738, we said that there are about 18 reasons for declarations of nullity; to wit, 13 nullifying impediments, and 5 obstacles to valid consent. Add to the impediments clandestinity, or defect of form. See also "Declarations of Nullity," in our July, 1932, issue.

C. J. S.—In our opinion your statement by itself does not furnish ground for exemption or dispensation from the law of fast and abstinence. Likewise, the condition of your wife, as you have stated it. The observance of this law essentially implies mortification, which is the purpose of the law. If, however, the strict observance of the law notably interferes with your duties, or causes grave physical harm, not contemplated in the law, there is room either for exemption or dispensation. Less reason is required for the latter than for the former. Your confessor ought to solve any doubt. On fast days it is allowed to take the collation at noon, and the full meal in the evening.

D. J. D.—The New Code of Canon Law, translated into English by Rev. Stanislaus Woywod, O.F.M., can be obtained through THE SIGN. Price \$4.50, plus postage.

J. D. McD.—We do not know of any book in print today which gives an extensive history of male Religious Orders, except The Catholic Encyclopedia. The Catholic Almanac and Year Book contains a condensed account of the larger Orders, and among

them are those which you mention. Price 60 cents, paper; \$1.10 cloth. Published by The States Publishing Co., Schmidt Building, Cincinnati, O.

R. La C.—If it is impossible to make one's Easter Duty because there is no priest to administer the Sacraments to you, and you cannot go to one without grave inconvenience, it is not sinful. But at the first opportunity you ought to receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion, and it will be regarded as your Easter Duty.

B. B.—The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul are devoted to the care of 400 lepers at the U. S. A. Leper Home, Carville, La. Communicate with Sister Catherine Sullivan for detailed information.

M. E. L.—We regret that we cannot reply to the errors in the book for the simple reason that we do not know what they are. We recommend that you obtain from the Church pamphlet rack *Is There Salvation Outside the Church* by Bishop Vaughan, or write for it to The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Price 5 cents.

D. & J.—Part of your question was answered in The Sign-Post of May, 1932, page 608: "Damned Before They Are Created." *Divine Providence* and *Man and His Destiny*, published by Macmillan Company, discuss your difficulties more at length. Price 60 cents, postage 5 cents. The book may be obtained through THE SIGN.

A. M. D.—*Married Love*, by Dr. Marie Stopes, is not fit matter for engaged persons or any one else to read. We recommend *Married Life* by Dr. Reinhold Willman, a Catholic physician. Price \$3.00, postage extra. It may be obtained through THE SIGN.

W. D.—We believe that you should present your difficulties to your pastor.

G. F. A.—Your question about the Parable of the Unjust Steward was answered in our July issue.

J. J. M.—(1) *The Daily Missal* by Father F. X. Lasance is a complete missal for every day, in conformity with the missal used by the priest. It contains notes on the liturgy and vestments. Prices from \$2.00 to \$9.00, according to binding. A special student's edition, bound in cloth with red edges sells for \$2.00. (2) Your question with reference to Pope Leo X was answered in our July issue.

SCRIPTURAL REFERENCES: HELL AND LIMBO: EZECHIEL 18:4: BOOKS OF JUDGE RUTHERFORD

(1) *I was asked by a non-Catholic friend for scriptural references to the Catholic doctrines of (a) the Mass, (b) Purgatory, (c) Limbo, and (d) the immortality of the soul. (2) If Hell is a place of torment, why did Jacob, Job, and others expect to go there? (3) What is the meaning of Ezekiel 18:4: "The soul that sinneth, the same shall die"? Does not this text disprove the immortality of the soul? (4) Should I read books on religion written by Judge Rutherford of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society?—B. F., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

(1) We think it well to preface our reply by saying that such questions generally arise among non-Catholics because of the false assumption that unless a doctrine taught by the Catholic Church can be found explicitly and by name in the Bible it cannot be held as true. This is an instance of the application of "the-Bible-and-the-Bible-only" theory as the complete rule of Faith. It must be remembered that the Bible alone is not the complete rule of Faith. Ultimate authority in such matters must be sought in the Divine and infallible Church, which is the "pillar and the ground of truth." (I Tim. 3:5.) The Bible nowhere proclaims that it is the only source of Divine revelation, nor did Christ anywhere teach that His revelation is confined to the Written Word. But He did say that His followers should "hear the Church" (Matt. 18:17) to whom He promised to send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit

of Truth, Who would bring all things to their minds, whatsoever He had revealed to them. (John 14:26.) Nevertheless, these doctrines can be found, at least implicitly, if not by name, in the Bible, or the Written Word of God.

(a) The unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass is *prefigured* by Melchisedech's offering of bread and wine, which was a true, but unbloody sacrifice. (Gen. 14:18.) It is significant that Christ is called "a priest according to the order of Melchisedech." (Ps. 109:4.) The clearest *prophecy* of the Sacrifice of the Mass is found in Malachy (chapter the first). In verse 10 the Prophet foretells the rejection by God of the Sacrifices of the Old Law after the coming of Christ: "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, and I will not receive a gift from your hands." In the next verse (11) we read the following prophecy: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof my Name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my Name a clean oblation; for my Name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts." The institution of the Mass, in fulfillment of the above prophecy, as the unbloody sacrifice of the New Law in bread and wine, according to the order of Melchisedech, is recorded by three Evangelists. Matt. 26:26-28; Mark 14:22-24; Luke 22:19, 20.) St. Matthew's account, with which the others substantially agree, says: "And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread and blessed and broke and gave to His disciples, and said, Take and eat, this is my Body. And taking the chalice He gave thanks and gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of this, for this is my Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Not only did Jesus here institute the Sacrifice of Mass in bread and wine, according to the order of Melchisedech, but He explicitly conferred upon the Apostles the *power to do likewise*: "Do this in commemoration of Me." (Luke 22:19.) The power which the Apostles received they transmitted to others, who in their turn would do the same, so that the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass would be everywhere offered among the Gentiles as a "clean oblation" even unto the end of time. (Acts 13:3.) The word "work" in this text, in the original Greek, means the offering of sacrifice. In this way Christ, through the ministry of consecrated and "sacrificing" ministers continues His everlasting priesthood according to the order of Melchisedech, that is, by the offering of the unbloody sacrifice of bread and wine, which is the Sacrifice of the Mass.

(b) The notion of Purgatory as a middle state of purification after death, where, as the Church teaches, those who die in the grace of God, but with lesser sins, or penalties due to greater, but forgiven sins, atone to the justice of God, is first found in the II Book of Machabees (12:43, 44): "And making a gathering, he [Judas Machabeus] sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the souls of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection. For if he had not hoped that they that were slain would rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead." His soldiers "had fallen asleep in godliness," though with the guilt of lesser sin upon their souls, which they did not atone for in this world. Therefore, the Sacred Author adds: "it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." (v. 46.) Again, every text which says that "God shall render to every man according to his works," implies that there is a middle state between Heaven and Hell, where those who were friends of God and died in His grace, but who were not holy enough to be admitted immediately into Heaven, and not wicked enough to merit condemnation in Hell, would be purified, and thus rendered fit for that place "into which nothing defiled shall enter." (Apoc. 21:27.) Christ's threat that "Whoever shall speak against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him, but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come," substantiates this teaching. (Matt. 12:32.) If there were no place after death where sins, and the penalties due to them, could be atoned for, there would be no meaning in these words of Christ. Such a place could be neither Heaven nor Hell. In Heaven there is no need for forgiveness; in Hell there is no possibility of ob-

taining pardon. Therefore, the place in the next world where sins may be forgiven must be what the Church calls Purgatory. Non-Catholics do not admit that the Books of Machabees are inspired, but the Catholic Church teaches that they are.

(c) Limbo may mean either the Limbo of the Fathers, or the Limbo of unbaptized children. The first was the place of detention of the Just who died before the redemption effected by Christ, where they waited in peace till the Savior opened for them the doors of Heaven. During the time between His death and resurrection the soul of Christ descended into the Limbo of the Just "to preach to those spirits that were in prison." (I Pet. 3:19.)

(d) The immortality of the soul, that is, that the soul, or vital principle of the body, shall never die, is implied in all those texts which treat of the reward of the good and the punishment of the wicked. They are too numerous to give in detail. They may all be summed up in this awful sentence of Christ: "And these [the wicked] shall go into everlasting punishment, but the just into life everlasting." (Matt. 25:46.) If the soul were not immortal it could experience neither happiness nor misery after death. We know, however, that it inevitably shall.

(2) The word Hell is a rendition of the Hebrew word *sheol*, which generally signifies the kingdom of the dead, and can be understood both of the abode of the good and of the wicked after death, as is evident from Ps. 48 (15, 16) where the Psalmist declares that the wicked will descend into Hell (*sheol*) to be tormented, while the just will await there for the time when God will liberate them. The exact meaning of the term Hell, must, therefore, be found in the context. Jacob (Gen. 37:35), Job, and others desired to go to *sheol* because they considered it as the ante-chamber of Heaven. It was to such a blessed abode that our Lord descended after His crucifixion, as we recite in the Apostles' Creed:

"He descended into Hell."

(3) The meaning of this verse must be gathered from the general context of the beginning of the chapter. God wished to correct the false doctrine, or parable, current among the Hebrews, that children must suffer for the sins of their parents: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the teeth of the children have been set on edge." (v. 2.) (Those who eat sour grapes feel the sensation in their own mouths, not in the mouths of others.) Such ideas must no longer be entertained: "As I live, saith the Lord, this parable shall no more be to you a proverb in Israel." (v. 3.) The reason why this parable is false is revealed in the following verse: "All souls are Mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is Mine; the soul that sinneth, the same shall die." In other words, each soul shall bear the punishment of its own sins, not those of others. In a wide sense the latter text is used to express the idea that deliberate sin of a grave kind results in the spiritual death of the soul. The reason is that grave sin destroys the life of the soul, which is divine grace. Just as the separation of the soul from the body results in material death, so the separation of the soul from the principle of supernatural life, or Divine grace, entails spiritual death: "The wages of sin is death [of the soul] but the grace of God life everlasting in Christ Jesus Our Lord." (Rom. 6:23.) This text, therefore, furnishes no argument for those who claim that the soul of man is not immortal.

(4) Canon 1399 of the Code of Canon Law says that the books of all non-Catholics which *professedly* treat of religion are prohibited to be read by Catholics, unless it is certain that they contain nothing contrary to the Catholic Faith. Judge Rutherford's books certainly belong to that class of books by non-Catholics which *professedly* treat of religion. Moreover, they contain matters contrary to the truth of the Catholic Faith, because they are full of extravagant, false, and pernicious teachings. Judge Rutherford is a self-constituted interpreter of the Bible. Catholics receive their doctrine from the living and infallible Church, which Christ commissioned to be the only official guardian and interpreter of Holy Writ.

CONFESSION REQUIRED FOR GAINING INDULGENCES

May a weekly communicant gain all plenary indulgences attached to the reception of Holy Communion on feast days, by praying for the intentions of the Holy Father, and only go to confession once a month? If confession twice a month is necessary for the gaining of indulgences, would the obligation be fulfilled if, in the month where five Sundays occurred, three weeks elapsed between two confessions?—N. N., NEWARK, N. J.

The law with reference to the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, in order to gain indulgences, is this: "If Confession is required for the gaining of an indulgence, it may be made within the eight days immediately preceding the day to which the indulgence is attached; Holy Communion may be received on the day before; and both Confession and Communion may be made during the octave following the feast day." (Canon 931 No. 1.) A special concession is made in favor of "the faithful who, unless lawfully prevented, are in the habit of going to Confession at least twice a month, or who receive Holy Communion in the state of grace, and with an upright intention daily, even though they omit to do so once or twice a week, may gain all the indulgences granted, except the indulgences of the Ordinary and Extraordinary Jubilees, or those granted after the manner of a Jubilee." (Canon 931 No. 3.) Consequently, indulgences which require the reception of the Sacrament of Penance cannot be gained unless Confession is made, as said above, under section 1 of Canon 931; or unless the person who wishes to gain them is in the habit of receiving Holy Communion daily, (or almost daily) or habitually confesses at least twice a month. The circumstance that in one month there were five Sundays, and within that time two Confessions were made, would not, in our opinion, entitle our correspondent to the concession in No. 3, unless he was in the habit of confessing twice a month.

PRAYING FOR ANOTHER'S DEATH

(1) *In the May issue of THE SIGN the question was asked: "Is it lawful to pray that God might call to her eternal reward a person who is a constant source of molestation, provided she died in God's grace?" To this you answered: "If the molestation is truly serious, it is not unlawful, to pray that God might call her, under the above conditions." Wouldn't an act like that be against the will of God, being that He created all creatures for a purpose, as stated in Wisdom (1:12-14)? Also wouldn't it be the same if we prayed to be rid of flies, mosquitoes, insects, etc., which are also molestations?*—W. A. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(2) *What is the meaning of "molestations," used in the May issue, with regard to praying for another's death?*—M. S., BROCKTON, MASS.

(1) It is lawful to desire the death of the neighbor, provided the following conditions are fulfilled: (a) the desire does not arise from hatred or revenge, or other unworthy motives, but for a good end; (b) the order of charity is preserved, viz., that the good, on account of which death is desired for the neighbor, surpasses, or at least is equal to, the evil which is desired. Thus, according to H. Noldin, S. J., (*Moral Theology*, 1, 333) it is lawful for a wife to desire the death of her husband by whom she is most harshly treated, when there is no hope of his amendment. The reason is that the temporal peace of the wife is a greater, or at least an equal, good to the life of her husband.

Our answer agreed with this teaching, especially as the conditions of the prayer were truly conformed to the order of charity; that is, the trouble caused was truly serious, and she might be called while in God's grace. By praying in this way temporal death was desired, not so much as an evil to the person, but as a source of peace to the afflicted family. And at the same time the condition that she be called while in the state of grace opens the avenue for her to the possession of the Supreme and Everlasting Good—God.

It is supposed that the person for whom death is desired

is the cause of a notable evil, and not simply a minor disturbance. For there must be proportion between the evil desired and the evil suffered. It should likewise be understood that such a prayer is not universally recommended, but that, if made under the above conditions, it is not unlawful.

With regard to minor causes of irritation, such as from flies, etc., it is not reasonable to pray to God to be delivered from them in ordinary circumstances, for such creatures are, in the designs of Providence, intended to exercise us in patience. But if they assume extraordinary proportions, such as did the pests which were destroying the corn crop last year in the West, it is fitting to pray that God may intervene and rid the land of them.

The texts referred to do not militate against the answer given above. According to Cornelius a Lapide (*Commentary on Holy Scripture, in loco*), these texts hinge on the last words of verse 11: "The mouth that lieth killeth the soul." Since lying and all iniquity kill the soul, do you not seek death [of the soul] through the error and folly of a wicked life by giving way to your evil desires, envy, and passions, for by so doing you fall away from the commandments, virtue, and God, and as a result lose your soul. If these verses were to be taken literally, all killing would be forbidden, such as the slaughter of cattle for food, and the killing of unjust aggressors, both of which, according to Catholic moral doctrine, are lawful.

(2) Molestation is a noun meaning "the act of molesting, or the state of being molested." To molest signifies "to annoy, vex; also to disturb injuriously." (*Standard Dictionary*.) As used in the question it denoted a constant, incurable source of family vexation.

SAINT CLARE

Kindly give me a short account of Saint Clare?—E. T., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Saint Clare is listed in The Book of Saints as a Virgin of the thirteenth century. She was born at Assisi of a father with the rank of knight. She was the first woman to embrace the life of extreme poverty and unremitting austerity taught by St. Francis, the founder of the Friars Minor. Consecrated to God by the Seraphic Patriarch, she governed for forty-two years, in the fear of God, the first convent of Franciscan Sisters, called after her the "Poor Clares," insisting to the end on the full observance of the Rule. The one favor which she ever asked of the Holy See was that the convent might always remain without worldly goods of any kind. She survived St. Francis, whose faithful counsellor she had been, dying in the year 1253. Two years later she was canonized. She is represented with a monstrosity in hand, in memory of her having in this attitude miraculously saved her convent from assault and pillage by the soldiers of Frederick II, who devastated the Valley of Spoleto in 1234. Her feast day falls on August 12.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

F. A. B., Brighton, Mass.; M. E., Brockton, Mass.; L. W., Westboro, Mass.; A. M., Ridgewood, N. J.; E. A. K., Belleville, N. J.; M. J. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. McK., Kensington, Conn.; J. H., Bronx, N. Y.; R. R., —; M. P., —; H. M. S., White Plains, N. Y.; K. A. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. W., Somerville, Mass.; J. E. C., Dorchester, Mass.; H. M. G., Yonkers, N. Y.; W. K., St. Louis, Mo.; K. H. M., Yonkers, N. Y.; A. H., Brookline, Mass.; P. L. F., Lynn, Mass.; M. A. G., Normandy, Mo.; J. F. C., Fort Lee, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

SANTO CORAZON, BOLIVIA**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

In *The Sign-Post* for May, 1932, I noticed a letter regarding the so-called Black Christ. I am wondering if the person asking information is not mistaken as to the location. I have just finished a book written by Julian Duguid, with a foreword by His Excellency Marques de Merry del Val, Ambassador from his Majesty the King of Spain to the Court of St. James. This book was written in 1931 and has gone through several printings already. In it he describes the interior of a church called Santo Corazon, in Bolivia. However, this church was founded by the Jesuit Fathers early in 1767, who were expelled from the country in same year. On the wall of this church, as described by the author, hangs a large crucifix. The corpus is black. It would seem to me that this was due more to age and the color of the wood. From what I understand about this section of the country the wood is hard and it would not be very difficult to obtain an ebony tree for the carving of the corpus. However, this may not be the one mentioned but it will at least clear up some of the points requested in *The Sign-Post*.

I do not know whether the author of the book was a Catholic or not but the praise that he gives the Jesuit Fathers for their work is something that the Jesuit Order should be proud of. Let me quote one part of the chapter regarding the church I mentioned: "Into this garden of happiness fell the bombshell of expulsion, and History has underlined the circumstances with indelible ink. Santo Corazon is a living, rather than a dying, rebuke to the Spanish Government, and a supreme though twisted compliment to the Jesuits."

The book I have reference to is called *Green Hell* and written by Julian Duguid, published by The Century Press, New York. FORT BENNINGTON, GA. GUY R. BIGBEE.

THE BLACK CHRIST OF GUATEMALA**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

In the May, 1932, issue of *THE SIGN* a subscriber asked for information with reference to the Black Christ of Guatemala. The Editor in his reply said that he surmised that the corpus of Our Lord was either painted black, or became blackened through age. He suggested that the readers of *THE SIGN* might be able to furnish further information about this crucifix. I am, therefore, sending these lines, as I think that the subject will be of interest to your readers.

My source of information is the March, 1925, number of *Travel*. Dudley S. Corlett, the author of the article about the strange crucifix, made a journey to the Cathedral of Esquipulas, where the famous Black Christ is preserved. Esquipulas is an Indian name meaning "the place of smoothness." It is situated about three days' journey from Guatemala City on the Atlantic side of Guatemala in Central America. During the first two weeks of every January the shrine of Esquipulas is a place of pilgrimage for the entire Indian population of Guatemala and the neighboring States of Mexico, San Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica. What Lourdes is to the whole Catholic world, Esquipulas is to the Indians of Central America.

With reference to the crucifix itself, Mr. Corlett says: "The Christ is carved from hard wood, the sculptor having been a certain Quirio Catano. The date is definitely given as 1594 A. D. Why he stained it black is a matter of controversy. Catholic records aver the reason to be that thus must Christ have actually appeared on the cross, owing to the congealment of the blood from His wounds. This does not sound particularly convincing. May not the reason have had a deeper significance? Could it not have been a bold experiment at a more complete conversion of the dark-skinned Indians? If so, it was highly successful. For almost immediately the Black Christ of Esquipulas became surrounded by those myths beloved of all natives. As early as 1603 it was acknowledged to possess miraculous powers to cure the infirm. It was reported to have moved of its own volition from Esquipulas to Honduras. From hence it was brought back in triumph by its rightful owners and placed in the

little shrine it occupied before its present abode. From thence onward its fame spread until, in 1735, Fra Pedro de Figuero, the first Archbishop of Guatemala, was himself cured of a disease by its disposition. As an act of gratitude, this worthy prelate decreed the erection of a shrine suitable for so miraculous an image. It was not until 1759 that the present edifice was completed. Great must have been the faith of the Indians who built it, for the whole of the fittings were brought from Spain and laboriously transported on their backs over the mountain trails from the coast, nearly two hundred miles away.

"The figure of the Christ is nearly life size, but is in no way remarkable for execution or expression. The cross is overlaid with gold, having the vine of life in high relief. The fine figures at the foot of the cross represent the Virgin Mary, Saint John, and the Magdalen. The whole group is placed in a glass case, behind which the pilgrims pass in endless succession on their knees. As they pass the figures they gently caress their robes, pressing their relics and rosaries to the cross, kissing the feet of the Savior if they have the time and can sufficiently control their emotions, and finally depositing their offerings to add to the goodly heap of tribute."

Since the explanation of the blackness of the crucifix is, as the author of the article admits, "a matter of controversy," we may be allowed to doubt his opinion that it was "a bold experiment at a more complete conversion of the dark-skinned Indians." However, he writes in quite a sympathetic vein, and his remarks about the cause of the black color of the crucifix may be taken for what they are worth. Quite recently a priest from Mexico said that the crucifix may have become blackened by fire and smoke.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

VICTOR LYONS.

STATIONS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

Sometime ago, in *The Sign-Post*, a question relative to the Stations of the Blessed Sacrament was asked. The question may have meant the Eucharistic Way of the Cross, which is published in a booklet issued by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, 185 East 76th Street, New York, N. Y. The author of this devotion is the Blessed Peter Julian Eymard, Founder of the Fathers above named. The purpose of the devotion is to draw attention to the Real Presence of the Suffering Savior in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, still wounded by sin and exposed to the hatred of His enemies, and the coldness and neglect of His friends.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

D. L. LARKIN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Stations of the Blessed Sacrament seems also to be a Franciscan devotion, as appears from a letter from Brother Anthony, O. F. M., in the February, 1932, issue of *THE SIGN*, page 421.

OUR LADY OF PELLEVOISIN**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

In the May, 1932, issue of *THE SIGN*, in answer to a question submitted by N. N., you say: "We have never heard of the Scapular of our Lady of Pilivisio." May I be permitted to inform you that this scapular is called the Scapular of our Lady of Pellevoisin, not Pilivisio? The scapular was revealed to a young girl of Pellevoisin, Indre, France, by the Blessed Virgin Mary, who appeared at least fifteen times to the maiden, in 1876. By a Brief, dated July 10, 1900, the Sovereign Pontiff enriched the scapular with numerous indulgences. The scapular may be procured from the Dominican Sisters of the Monastery of Perpetual Adoration, Hunts Point, Bronx, N. Y. Anyone who wishes to obtain one of these scapulars should first write for the price of them. I am adding this because I had the experience of sending articles and never getting an acknowledgment, much less payment. Some people, even though religious-minded, balk at paying for anything.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

E. DOHERTY.

"GIVE THIS MAN PLACE"**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

THE SIGN is certainly among the most interesting and entertaining of magazines. It has all the features of an up-to-date, spirited and "catchy" periodical, maintaining withal a perfect and ideal Catholic tone.

If you ever have the articles on St. Joseph which appeared serially in THE SIGN in 1931, written by Rev. Dr. Hugh Blunt, published in book form, I shall want a copy, allowing of course that the price will be within limits. THE SIGN is always reasonable.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

JOSEPHINE DAMHORST.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The kind words are appreciated. "Give This Man Place," the title of Dr. Blunt's work, will appear in book form within the near future. We venture to say that it is the finest volume that has ever appeared on St. Joseph. Arrangements are being made for its translation into Braille and German.

EXAMPLE OF AN AGED NEGRESS**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

It was the happy fortune of a newly-ordained priest visiting his home town to celebrate his First Solemn Mass, to meet a middle-aged Negro woman boarding in the place. She had been a resident of New York, was a Catholic and a former parishioner of one of New York's uptown churches. Recently she had been visiting in Canada. While there she had made the First Friday devotions. For two long hours she remained in church, heedless of the cold which pervaded the place, until her feet, as a result, became frost-bitten. It is now over a month since this happened, and she has been only gradually recovering. It was pathetic, also, to watch her hobbling around, yet her only complaint was: "Father, I'm so sorry I haven't been able to go to church since I've been here."

For some of the whites who are too prone to complain about the hour they are obliged to give to God on a Sunday, let alone making any extra effort to attend a weekday Mass, this may indeed be a salutary example of genuine, honest-to-goodness devotion and love for God. May God grant us more like souls to whom their very greatness seems so small in their own eyes.

BOSTON, MASS.

NEO SACERDOS.

SOCIETY OF CHRIST, OUR KING**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

An increasing number of requests for information regarding the nature and object of our Community has determined the printing of the enclosed folder, and we are presuming, Father, to send you this copy in the hope that through THE SIGN our Society may be brought to the attention of such young women, as feel attracted to work such as we are trying to do for Our Lord in this little-known Mission Field of the South.

We shall be grateful to you for any and every good word you may say in our behalf; for we are far from the Catholic centres, and, being out of sight, we are also out of mind. And we know for a truth that your reward for this charity will be the eternal gratitude of the dear good people we are working among, many of whom had never known of the charity of the Catholic Church nor seen a Catholic Sister before our advent among them.

We have, at present, a splendid opportunity to influence for good the growing generation of young girls just bordering on womanhood, who because of industrial conditions are forced to work for a mere pittance in the tobacco and cotton fields and are sorely tempted to take the easiest but worst road out of their present distress. We could do much to help them had we but Sisters enough to open industrial schools where they could learn a trade that would enable them to earn a decent living; we could then hope to lead them on to better and higher things.

Their prejudice against things Catholic vanishes upon personal contact with the Sisters and we are receiving letters and calls from Protestant mothers asking us to do something, in God's

name, for their daughters. Of course these people are the poorest of the poor, but they have an innate refinement and deeply religious spirit which fits them to receive the good we would bring them.

GREENVILLE, N. C.

SISTER TERESA OF JESUS.

[ENCLOSURE]

THE SOCIETY OF CHRIST, OUR KING is a Missionary Institute of women Religious devoted to honoring and glorifying Our Lord Jesus Christ, King, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and, by means of prayer, labor, and sacrifice, to making Him better known and loved through the Mass.

The Apostolic work of the community aims to provide means for the instruction of non-Catholic women in the doctrine and practices of the Church and, also, to foster the practice of Christian perfection among Catholic women.

The Sisters are endeavoring to establish a retreat house and library for the use of those interested in the study of religious truth and a school for the cultivation of those arts and crafts that go to making the ornaments of the altar more beautiful and fitting for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and of the Sacred Liturgy. The Sisters also aid the poor, visit the sick and dying, interest themselves in the welfare of young girls and teach children in little country missions.

The Society of Christ, Our King is composed of Sisters, who fulfill all the requirements of the religious life and take perpetual vows at the end of the time of probation, and associate members who share the spiritual privileges, the labors, and merits, of the Society but, because of some limitation arising from conditions of health, age, or ability are not able to assume the obligations of complete religious observance.

The manner of life obtaining in the Society is guided by true charity and love of one another and asks but a sincere appreciation of and conformity to the ideals that Our Lord has placed before those who would follow Him. This community life affords an abundance of helps to growth in the interior and spiritual life. The aim of the Society is first to sanctify its members and then to prepare them for labors for the sanctification of others. The labors, prayers, and sacrifices of the Society are offered in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass being perpetually offered up all over the world and for the same intentions for which Our Lord instituted it. The Liturgical prayer of the Church, called the Divine Office, is recited daily at the canonical hours in praise, thanksgiving and impetration for blessings upon the Kingdom of Christ on Earth.

Anyone who is interested in the work of this Society may obtain further information by applying to the

SISTER SUPERIOR,
Convent of the Society of Christ, Our King,
Greenville, North Carolina.

CONCERNING FIRST PRINCIPLES**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

I read with pleasure the article, in your July issue, entitled "The Irrationalists," by Irving T. McDonald. If he will pardon the familiarity, I recognize in him a kindred spirit, for I have found my reactions to have been similar to his in many a skirmish with the devotees of detached Reason.

Assuming that Mr. McDonald is an exponent of practical apologetics, and feeling that his article is a leaf in the valuable Catholic Thought of the day, I must take issue with one paragraph of his. Touching on the foundations of logic—the material logic which is the basis of Christian Apologetics as a science—he writes:

"Of two contradictories, one or the other must be true. Now these principles are obviously true, as any good Rationalist must agree. And they are quite as obviously impossible to prove logically, as even a very poor Rationalist would have to confess ultimately. Hence, the very foundations upon which the entire science of rationalism rests must be taken—oh, shame of shames!—on faith."

From what I remember of sophomore dialectics, this in the best scholastic circles would be considered a *non-sequitur*, and not admissible even in an attempt to shame a poor Rationalist. As a comment on this paragraph, may I say: That which is incapable of proof is taken on faith, I grant; that which is obviously true is taken on faith, I deny. That which is obviously true is immediately evident, and needs no proof: no marshalling of syllogisms could make it more evident; on the other hand, however difficult of proof or incapable of proof, the obviously true and immediately evident cannot be the object of faith once it has been apprehended. Of such a nature is the principle of contradiction: A thing cannot be, and not be, at the same time and under the same formal relation. The same is true of the principle of identity and the principle of the excluded middle. Mr. McDonald's conclusion that these principles must be taken on faith does not follow logically from his previous sentence that these principles are obviously true.

Father Fulton J. Sheen in "God and Intelligence" (p. 147) enumerates Aristotle's conditions for first principles thus:

"First, the first principle ought to be one about which it is impossible to be mistaken. Men are mistaken only about those things of which they are ignorant. In order, therefore, not to be deceived, the first principle ought to be so evident as to admit of no error.

"The second condition is that it be not a supposition.

"The third condition is that it be naturally known—that is to say, it must not be reached by demonstration."

Further on, Father Sheen says of the first principles, "They are true, not on account of anything else, but merely on account of their own evidence." And again, "Experience gives the matter. Abstraction is the necessary condition, and the objective and immediate evidence the formal reason of the consent."

These principles must not be taken on faith. Let us keep the guns on the ramparts of Catholic Thought well burnished. The woods are full of professed irrationalists as well as unwitting irrationalists. If in our defense of the citadel we nod over first principles, we may play into the hands of the enemy.

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

WILLIAM E. MANZ.

THE PRESS APOSTOLATE IN INDIA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Is it possible that some of your readers can send us their copy of THE SIGN or take subscriptions for places to which we mail magazines? We need many more magazines of the right sort.

KURSEONG, INDIA

M. LYONS, S. J.

[ENCLOSURE]

The work of disseminating information on the Catholic Church by mail carried on in India by Rev. Paul Dent, S. J., and Rev. M. Lyons, S. J., has for its

OBJECT—the spread of information about the Catholic Church at least among the leaders of Indian thought.

MEANS—the re-mailing of Catholic books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers to prominent Hindu and Mohammedan editors, writers, collegiate and university libraries, and other persons and institutions which mould the thought of India's millions.

The following are extracts from a few letters showing how much good can be done this way:

"With reference to your letter dated 15.9.31, sending several magazines, I beg to say that the Agra University would not only welcome any gifts of the magazines of the nature supplied by you, but would feel grateful for the consideration shown to it by placing it in your mind for a regular supply . . ." Hitkari Singh Seth, M.Sc., LL.B., Asst. Registrar, September 20, 1931.

"We should be glad to see further copies of *The Universe*." A. Butler, Actg. News Editor, *The Statesman* (a Calcutta daily).

"I am taking the first opportunity to convey to you the editor's sincere thanks for the papers and the interest you are taking in the *Modern Review*. . . . The extract about the labor encyclical you refer to was from the *New Republic*. It is a radical paper

. . . we are always ready to furnish the necessary corrective by publishing extracts from papers with a different complexion. . . . Both *American* and *The Catholic World* we have found extremely interesting." Miad C. Chaudhuri, Asst. Editor, *Modern Review* (leading Hindu monthly).

"Many thanks for your kindly sending me some papers, which reached here today. I shall welcome such papers. . . ." Pavitrnananda, Editor, *Prabuddha Bharata* (monthly organ of the Ramakrishna Order of Hindu monks).

"Thanks for your letter dated 28th Jan., 1932. We shall feel obliged if you will kindly remail to us the foreign Journals you have been getting. They will be of much help to us." G. S. Krishna, Librarian, Benares Hindu University.

"Thank you very much for your letter dated the 13th October, 1931, and for agreeing to supply a copy of *The Universe* every week, gratis. It will be placed on the Reading Room Table." M. L. Panji, Imperial Library, Calcutta.

"We beg to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of certain copies of magazines which have been placed on the Reading Table of the Library Hall. We shall be glad to receive any number of them for our Table. If they are sent regularly to us, they will be completed, bound and deposited in the Library." Sarjag Prasad, Dy. Librarian, Allahabad University, Allahabad.

The periodicals sent to Indian editors are frequently quoted and always fairly. A leading monthly once printed *four pages* of extracts from a recent papal encyclical with favorable comments. In several instances the literature we sent resulted in the purchase of Catholic books by the editors. These are just a few of the good effects of the plan that has come to our attention.

But MORE must be done. There are seventeen universities and 382 colleges in India, and over a thousand periodicals in English and a few leading vernaculars, the editors of which almost always know English and so can profit by what we can send them. MORE Catholic literature is a necessity. The magazines especially useful are those of an intellectual type, such as *Thought*, *The Month*, *Catholic Mind*, *Catholic World*, *The Sign*, etc.

This work is being carried on with the approval of Very Rev. Fr. Fallon, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits in Bengal Mission. Address Fr. Dent or Fr. Lyons at St. Mary's, Kurseong, D. H. Ry., India. (Book post to India same as U. S. A. internal book post rate.)

EDITOR'S NOTES

This is not the first time we have published an appeal for the remailing of Catholic literature; nor will it be the last. We have printed Father Lyons' communication in full to impress our readers with the great good that can be done through the distribution of Catholic periodicals and books.

Our Book Department is intended to afford a convenient service for our readers. All books mentioned in "The Sign-Post" or under "Notes on New Books" can be procured from us. Add approximately 10% to the book cost to cover handling and postage. The small profit made on book transactions goes, to our Missions in China.

We are always pleased to receive letters on topical subjects that have a rather general appeal. Any communications that prove provocative of interest in Catholic thought and action are particularly welcome.

In asking for a change of address, please give the *old* address as well as the *new*. It will save us time and trouble. And to those whose subscriptions are in arrears may we gently whisper: "A promise made is a debt unpaid."

THE NINE RULES FOR DEALING

Text by
Hilaire Belloc

HEREWITH the versatile Mr. Belloc is caricatured by the distinguished artist, Mr. Derrick, as the Oppressor of the Poor. These cartoons may be regarded as just a bit of fun; but there is nothing funny in these nine ways of treating the poor, as they range from a false courtesy to a vague

symp-
Wage
ness
of Ju



To
Be
Courteous

1



2



To
Pay
Little

4

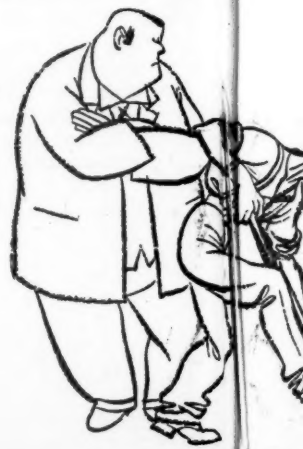


5



To
Denounce
to the
Authorities

7



8

DEALING WITH THE POOR

sympathy, and include the exploitation of Labor and the denial of a Living Wage. What more apt illustrations of the principles animating Big Business and Little Business as diametrically opposed to the Christian principles of Justice and Charity so insistently proclaimed by Pope Pius XI!—Editor.

Drawings by
Thomas Derrick



To
Oppress

3



To
Interfere



To
Pay
Exactly

6



To
Be
Distant



To
Exploit

9



To
Pity
Vaguely

THIRD THOUGHTS By G. K. Chesterton ARE BEST

FIRST. Prussia has proved her Paganism once again in the Nazi movement; as for that matter in the Nudist movement or half a hundred heathen fads. But above all in this very deadly fact that the Nazi is ready to dally with the Communists. They may differ in many things, but in the hatred of Christian civilization they are truly International.

Second. The moment the War was over, certain forces, which on any argument are somewhat alien to old Christendom and the Catholic instinct, instantly rushed to the help of Prussia. The usurers were all Pro-German; even those usurers who are now rather too bewildered to know whether their complicated and incompetent financial system is usurious or not.

Third. There is something abroad in the streets, very loud, very living, violently excited that is telling lies against Poland. Lies that it cannot defend; lies that it does not retract; lies that it dare not leave open to printed criticism. Whoever be the liar, and whatever be the origin of the lie, it is being circulated to break down the wall of Christendom, which is called Poland, and alone guards us against an Asiatic anarchy.

THE outlook in Europe is dark; and it looks as if the Pacifists will succeed in dragging us all into War. For, ever since the end of the War That Ended War, the pressure for a renewal of hostilities has come almost entirely from those who profess the ideals of Internationalism.

It will be noted that the very word Internationalism has come to stand for certain nations against other nations. It is Internationalism to want an understanding between England, America and Germany. It is Internationalism to want an understanding between England, Germany and Russia.

But it is not Internationalism to want an understanding between France, Poland, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia, Italy and England. That is Nationalism, and not Internationalism. I cannot imagine why.

I am quite well aware that there are any number of good and sincere men, who really desire peace in Europe, and whose European sympathies are rather different from mine; but I cannot understand the particular type of journalist who has, ever since the Great War, made himself the most noisy spokesman of cosmopolitanism.

A UNITED Europe which leaves out France and Italy seems to me rather like a complete man who has forgotten to put on his head and body. And a broad-minded sympathy with all nations, which managed to be blind both to Rome and to Paris, seems to me a little difficult to distinguish from the blindness of barbarism.

I know that there are good Christians and good Catholics who desire the unity

of Christendom as sincerely as I do, and who have been from the first quite honestly on the side of Germany and Austria; for that matter, a large number of them, presumably, live in Germany and Austria.

I KNOW that there are Englishmen who love England as strongly as I do, who have yet thought it the wiser English policy to be on the side of Germany since the conclusion of the War. There is always this problem of the respectable and the dubious upholders of a sympathy or a policy.

But I do think that the time has now come for these groups, and especially the latter group, to reconsider very seriously where their sympathy and policy have actually led them. God alone can judge the heart; and it is not impossible that we are sometimes wrong, when we try to distinguish the peacemaker who inherits the Beatitude from the peacemaker who defiles the Temple by selling doves. But we can, assuming the sincerity of the heart, call for some serious responsibility in the head.

And we can ask men of all opinions to note very seriously indeed the actual steps and the actual story of international policy and diplomacy since the great conflict; and to consider what light they throw on the two theories of the reconstruction of Christendom.

There is a general view of the European elements, which I held before the Great War and have never substantially altered after it. I freely admit that, like all other generalizations about political problems, it is patched all over with exceptions and incongruities; but I think it was broadly true.

It was the view that the Allies (most of them probably without knowing it) were fighting for the old core of European culture against things cruder and more destructive in the North. Whichever way you read such a medley, the exceptions always seem as large as the rule; and this rule was counterbalanced by all sorts of things; notably by Austria and Bavaria, which really were of the old culture, being dragged at the tail of Prussia, the captain of the new.

Indeed, though Austria was utterly unscrupulous in her ultimatum to Serbia, yet if the War had only been Austria against the Slavs, my description and even my sympathies would have been different. But the West was the world in peril; and the two realities of the West were Pagan Prussia and Roman Gaul.

That at least was and is my view; and I now ask everybody to consider what has actually followed on following the other view.

FIRST, Prussia has proved her Paganism once again in the Nazi movement; as for that matter in the Nudist movement or half a hundred heathen fads. But above all, in this vital and very deadly fact: that the Nazi is ready to dally with Communists.

That is the flash of fact and reality that blasts all sorts of labels and conventions. The Nazi may be Nationalist and the Bolshie may be Internationalist, but these are words; for Prussia is hardly a full nation, and Russia is much less in contact with other nations than anything else. But they both feel they are of the same stuff; a stuff which they would call the

new forces and I should call the old barbarism.

The Prussian patriot may plaster himself all over with eagles and iron crosses; but he will be found in practice side by side with the Red Flag. The Prussian and the Russian will agree about everything; especially about Poland.

They may differ in many things; but in hatred of the Christian civilization they are truly International.

Second, the moment the War was over, certain forces which, on any argument, are somewhat alien to old Christendom and the Catholic instinct, instantly rushed to the help of Prussia.

The usurers were all Pro-German; even those usurers who are now rather too bewildered to know whether their complicated and incompetent financial system

is usurious or not. New York, and especially all that was most cynical and least traditional about New York, was the seat of the financial force directed in this way. It was instinctively and almost universally felt to be the enemy of Europe. And it was this enemy of Europe that was the friend of Prussia.

WELL we have seen what sort of a financial effect was produced by those financial experts. It was because these men, alien to Europe, had therefore a weak favoritism for Prussia, that they let us in for our biggest financial crash when Prussia flatly refused to pay.

Seen clearly, without excuses of reconciliation or reaction, the Prussian has actually acted since the War exactly as we charged him with doing before the

War and (barring some newspaper lies) during the War. He has not acted, certainly he is not acting, as a friend to Europe.

Lastly, there is something abroad in the streets, very loud, very living, violently excited, that is telling lies against Poland. Lies that it cannot defend; lies that it does not retract; lies that it dare not leave open to printed criticism.

Whoever be the liar, and whatever be the origin of the lie, it is being circulated in order to break down the wall of Christendom, which is called Poland, and alone guards us against an Asiatic anarchy, as it did against the Tartar hordes.

I very earnestly ask my fellow countrymen, and especially my fellow Catholics, to turn these three things over carefully in their minds.

THE HOLY MASS: Scripture and Tradition

By

*A. MacDonald

Titular Bishop of Hebron

ST. PAUL testifies that Christ Who is "Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech" (*Heb. 5:6; 7:17*) "was offered once to exhaust the sins of many" (*Heb. 9:28*); offered "one sacrifice for sins" (*Heb. 10:12*); and "by one offering perfected forever them that are sanctified" (*Heb. 10:14*). This was the Sacrifice of the Cross.

Voice of Trent

THE Council of Trent, following the age-long tradition of the Church, has defined that Christ offered Himself to the Father in the Last Supper. The Council has also defined that it is Christ Who offers Himself in the Mass by the ministry of His priests.

In the Supper, on the Cross, in the Mass, Christ offers Himself to the Father as Priest according to the order of Melchisedech. Have we here three offerings, three sacrifices? No, the Apostle tells us that "Christ was once offered," that He offered Himself "once" (*Heb. 7:27*) and "by one offering perfected forever them that are sanctified."

Was the offering in the Supper different from the offering on the Cross? No, it was the same Christ Who offered and in the same manner. He did not on the Cross repeat the offering; He continued it. The part of the priest in the sacrifice is to offer; to be offered and immolated is the part of the victim.

Is the offering in the Mass different from the offering in the Supper and on the Cross? No, it is the same Christ Who offers, though not in the same manner. In the Supper and on the Cross, He offered

alone; in the Mass He offers by the ministry of His priests. The offering is the same, as the One Who makes the offering is the same, but the manner of offering, and that alone, is different.

The Council of Trent declares in so many words what it means by saying that the manner of offering, and that alone, is different when it affirms that "the same Christ now offers by the ministry of the priests Who then offered on the Cross." The difference in the manner of offering consists precisely in this that Our Lord offered the Sacrifice of the Cross without ministers. "There was not a man of the Gentiles with Him." In the Mass He offers by the ministry of His priests.

The difference in the manner of offering does not make of the Mass another sacrifice. Sacrifice is essentially an action and a difference in the manner of an action does not make a difference in the action.

Christ the Priest

THERE is no essential difference between the action of a man when he walks slow and when he walks fast. There is no essential difference in the action of a man when he writes with a pencil and when he writes with a pen. The action is the same, and the message is the same. We do not say that it is the pencil that writes or the pen that writes; we say it is the man who writes.

So when Christ alone offers in the Sup-

per and Christ offers in the Mass through the instrumentality of the priest Peter or Paul or Andrew, it is Christ Who offers still and the action of offering is not different, though the manner of it is.

Christ the Victim

CHRISt is not only the Priest of our Sacrifice; He is also the Victim. On the Cross He was covered with blood, in the Mass He is risen from the dead, glorious and immortal, but, as the Catechism of the Council of Trent points out, "The bloody and unbloody Victim is still one and the same." Thus the Sacrifice is one and the same. The Mass is the continuation of the bloody sacrifice.

There is a difference in the manner of offering, and there is a difference in the condition of the Victim. But as the difference in the manner of offering does not make the Mass a different sacrifice, much less does the difference in the condition of the Victim. The Victim is still one and the same.

At the Last Supper Our Lord instituted the Blessed Eucharist as a Sacrifice and as a Sacrament for Christian public worship and for the sanctification of souls in Holy Communion.

Did this exhaust the purpose of the Supper? There are many Bible texts which point clearly to another purpose. In His prayer to the Father after the Supper He said (*John 17:4*): "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do." He implies that what remained to be done during the Passion was what He had to suffer from others, not what He had to do Himself. He had said (*John 10:18*): "No man can

take My Life from Me; but I lay it down of Myself." This is the work that He had finished. In the Supper He laid down His life of Himself by offering it in complete and voluntary sacrifice.

In St. John (19:36) a part of the ritual of the Passover (*Exodus 12:46*) is quoted as a prophecy of what happened in Our Lord's Passion: "Thou shalt not break a bone of him." He is the Lamb of God Who takes away the sins of the world, prefigured by the lamb sacrificed in the Passover. Now it was in the Supper that He fulfilled the prophetic sacrifice of the Old Passover and instituted the New Passover, as the Council of Trent teaches. Therefore, He had in the Supper the purpose of placing Himself in the state of victim, and so St. Paul was able to say, "Christ our Passover is slain."

If we had no other source of information about the Supper than the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, we could not know that the Apostles were there ordained priests and commanded to perpetuate the offering of the Sacrifice. If the Supper had no other purpose than the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, as a sacrifice to be perpetuated in the Church, they would not have omitted the words: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

But if there was in the Supper also the purpose of making there the priestly offering of the Sacrifice of Redemption on the Cross, their omission of the words of institution becomes intelligible. Matthew and Mark are intent on the facts of the Passion and Death on the Cross; they tell of the Supper simply as part of that narrative, and imply that the sacrificial offering there made was the offering of the Passion and Death. They are not concerned to show that the Sacrifice of our Redemption was to be perpetuated. As it stands, their account of what took place in the Supper necessarily links the sacrificial offering there made with the Passion and Death on the Cross.

The Continued Sacrifice

OUR Blessed Lord willed that the sacrifice offered in the Supper should be continued in the Mass, when He said to the Apostles, "Do this for a commemoration of Me." What sacrifice is continued in the Mass? Pope Leo XIII voices the tradition of the Catholic Church from the beginning when he affirms that the "identical Sacrifice of the Cross is continued in the Mass." (*Ency. Caritatis Studium*, July 20, 1898.)

So the Sacrifice of the Cross was offered in the Supper, and the true explanation of the Mass is that Christ offered His "one sacrifice for sins" (*Heb. 10:12*) in the Supper, consummated it on the Cross, and continues it in the Mass by the ministry of His priests. That is how the Mass is a sacrifice. It is a complete explanation of the Mass, and there is no other.

Let me cite the words of Pope Leo XIII:

"Since religious worship must express itself sacrificially, our Divine Redeemer willed that the Sacrifice consummated on

the Cross should be prolonged forever. This is done through the Mass."

It is pertinent to inquire when Our Lord willed this. Not during the agony in the garden, not when He was being scourged and crowned with thorns, not while carrying the Cross, not on the Cross. It was out of the question that He should attend to this after He had entered upon His Passion. He willed it when He made His Last Will and Testament in the Supper.

For a Commemoration

AND what measures did He take to bring it about? The Evangelists tell us, and the Council of Trent affirms, that He offered Himself to the Father as Priest according to the order of Melchisedech and bade His disciples continue the offering. If it was the Sacrifice of Calvary He offered then, we can see how, as Pope Leo says, that same Sacrifice is continued in the Mass.

When the priest at the consecration does that which Our Lord did in the Supper, it is the Sacrifice of Calvary he is offering. But if it was not the Sacrifice of Calvary that Our Lord was offering in the Supper just before He said, "Do this for a commemoration of Me," it is plain that we are not offering it in the Mass. And those who make the Supper a complete sacrifice, other than the Sacrifice of Calvary, have to show how the Sacrifice of Calvary is continued.

There are some things that can't be done, and this is one of them. You can't show that the same thing can both be and not be at the same time. Supposing the Supper to be a complete sacrifice, it is the sacrifice completed in the Supper that is continued in the Mass—and the Sacrifice

of Calvary is not continued at all. Let those who sever the Supper from the Cross consider seriously the conclusion to which this severance necessarily leads.

It has been maintained, indeed, that the sacrifice Our Lord offered in the Supper was completed there, and yet was identically the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross. That is to say, it was completed in the Supper and it wasn't. It was completed in the Supper and it was completed on the Cross! When subtlety results in contradiction, subtlety should give way to the simplicity of faith.

The faith of the Church from the beginning is well expressed by Wetzer and Welte in their great *Encyclopedic Dictionary* of Catholic Theology:

"In the New Law there is but One Sacrifice. This one and only Sacrifice was offered once on the Cross, and it was there it was consummated. Holy Mass is numerically the same (*sacrificium numero idem*) as the Sacrifice of Christ on the Cross."

Here are the words in which Macarius, a Russian Bishop, sets before us the tradition of the Orthodox Greek Church:

"The Sacrifice offered to God in the Eucharist is in its character precisely the same as that of the Cross. Today we still offer on our altars the same Lamb of God Who once offered Himself on the Cross for the sins of the world; the same Flesh infinitely pure, which suffered there; the same Blood, infinitely precious, which was there shed. Today this mysterious oblation is still invisibly accomplished by the same Kingly and Eternal High Priest Who offered Himself on the Cross." (*Theolog. Dogm. Orth. tom. 2, P. 492.*)

This, clear of all subtlety and ambiguity, is the faith of East and West from the beginning—"the faith once delivered to the saints." (*Jude, 1:3.*)

One Offering Only

THOSE who maintain that Supper, Cross, and Mass are not three offerings but three stages of the One Offering for sin, have been dubbed "unicists" of late. It is a newly coined word and an ugly one, else it were a title to glory in, for St. Paul heads the list of those who are so called. His words are plain and peremptory. Speaking of Christ Our Savior he says: "By One Offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." It is a rule of right interpretation that words are to be taken in their natural and obvious meaning, when that meaning stands to reason. The obvious meaning of "one offering" is one offering, not two offerings, nor three offerings. Observe also that the Apostle does not say "hath redeemed" but "hath perfected," which is something more than redeemed. The one Sacrifice of Redemption is operative in the Mass, perfects those who have been redeemed, and fits them to join the great multitude of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues who stand before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands.

Wealth of Poverty

By Frances Marie Shannon

WOODEN walls,
Tiny halls
Hath the House of Nazareth.

Jesus small,
Joseph tall,
Each of these who carpenteth

Owneth not,
Neither wot
Aught of this world's luxury.

Wooden walls,
Tiny halls
Hold a priceless purity:

She of God,
Lily-shod,
With the lowly travelleth.

And the three,
Mirthfully,
Live full rich at Nazareth.

THE BURNING of ABBOT SPIRIDION

By William Canton

MANY wonderful things are told of the Abbot Spiridion, who lived a hundred years and four and yet grew never old; neither was the brightness of his eyes dimmed nor his hair silvered, nor was his frame bowed and palsied with the weakness of age.

During the long years in which he ruled the abbey he had founded, he seemed to live less in this world than in the communion of the blessed souls of men redeemed. The whole earth was as clear to him as though it had been of crystal, and when he raised his eyes he saw not solely what other men saw, but the vision of all that is under the heavens.

And this vision of life was at once his trial and his consolation. For it was an unspeakable sorrow and anguish to see on all sides the sin and suffering and misery of creation, and often he wept bitterly when no one dared ask him the reason of his affliction. Yet oftentimes, on the other hand, he laughed for lightness of spirit, and bade the brethren rejoice because of

THIS story is reprinted from "A Child's Book of Saints," in the hope that it may serve as an inducement to the wider distribution of one of the most charming volumes dealing with some facts and legends of the Middle Ages. The illustrations, especially drawn for THE SIGN, are by Joachim Beckes.—Editor

the salvation of some reprobate soul, or the relief of one oppressed, or the bestowal of some blessing on the servants of God.

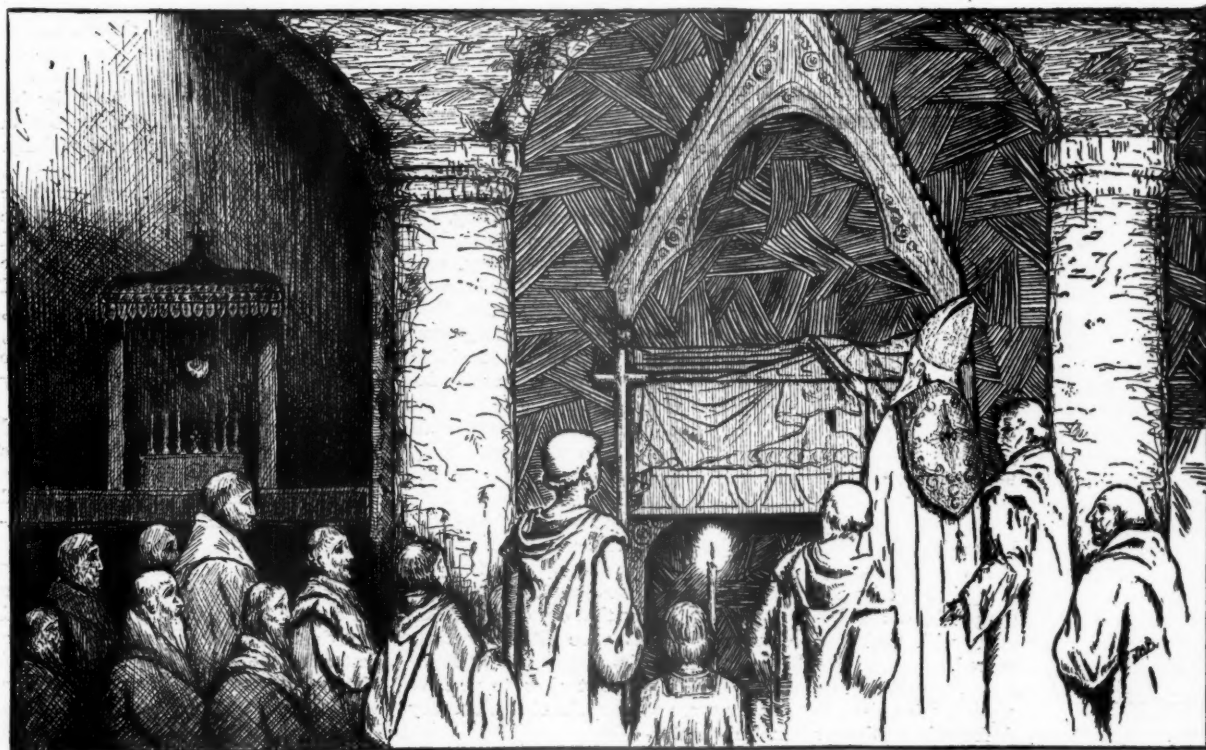
When it happened that a brother had been sent on a journey and was long absent, and the community was talking of him, wondering how he had fared and where he might now be, the Abbot would

sometimes break silence and say: "I see our brother resting in such or such a cell," or, "Our brother is even now singing a psalm as he drifts in his small boat of skins down this or that river," or, perchance, "Our brother is coming over the hill and in an hour he will be with us."

In the abbey there was a certain lay-brother, dull and slow of wit, with a hindrance in his speech; and one of the monks despised him and scoffed at his defect of nature. This lay-brother had the care of the garden of pot-herbs and fruit-trees, and as he was toiling there one day the Abbot called the uncharitable monk to him, and said: "Come, let us see what our Brother the Fool is doing."

The monk trembled when he heard those words, for he knew that his scornfulness had been discovered, and he followed the Abbot in great confusion. In the garden they found the lay-brother planting cabbages.

"Is our Brother the Fool alone?" asked the Abbot.



"MAKE, THEN, WE BESEECH THEE, NO SIGN FROM THY SEPULCHRE. . . . BUT IF IT BE THAT THOU DENY US, SOLEMNLY WE DECLARE UNTO THEE, BY THE OBEDIENCE WE ONCE OWED THEE, WE SHALL UNEARTH THY BONES AND CAST THEM FORTH FROM AMONGST US."



THEN THE ABBOT TOUCHED THE MONK'S EYES, AND STRAIGHTWAY HE SAW THAT THE LAY-BROTHER WAS NOT ALONE; BESIDE HIM WERE TWO RADIANT CHILD-ANGELS.

"Our brother is alone, Father," replied the monk.

Then the Abbot touched the monk's eyes, and straightway he saw that the lay-brother was not alone: beside him were two radiant child-angels, one of whom held for him a basket containing the young plants, and the second walked to and fro playing on a lute to lighten his labor. Then, overwhelmed with shame, the monk fell on his knees, confessing his sin and promising amendment.

More strange than this is the story I have now to tell. It happened through mischance that fire broke out in the abbey, and the flames were spreading so fiercely from one walled cell to another that there was great danger of the whole monastery being destroyed. With piteous cries the Religious surrounded the Abbot and besought him to intercede with God that their home might be spared.

Spiridion gently shook his head. "The mercy of God," he replied, "has given it to another to intercede for us in our danger this day. The holy Pontiff, Gregory, has looked out of Rome and seen us in our trouble. At this moment he is kneeling

in prayer for us, and his supplication on our behalf will avail."

Even while Spiridion was speaking, the Pope, far away in the Golden City, beheld the flames rising from the abbey, and called his household to join him in entreating Heaven; and at once it was seen that the flames were being beaten to the ground and extinguished as though invisible hands were beating them down with invisible branches of trees.

Now when the brethren were made aware that the whole earth was being constantly shown thus in vision to the Abbot, they stood in sad dread of him; even the most pure and lowly-hearted were abashed at this thought that perchance every act and every vain fancy of theirs was laid bare to his knowledge. So it came to pass that out of shame and fear their hearts were little by little estranged from him.

The Abbot was not slow to perceive the change, and he spoke of it when they met in chapter.

"Truly it is a grievous and a terrible thing," he said, "that any man should see with the eyes of the soul more than it

is given the eye of flesh to see; and I pray you, brethren, beseech the Lord, if it be His will, that the vision be withdrawn from me. But if His will it be not, beseech Him that I may not sin through seeing. So much for myself; but as for you, dear children, why are you grieved? Because it may be that I see you when you think no man sees you? Am I then the only one who sees you? Is there not at least one Other—even the high God, from Whom the hidden man of the heart is nowise hidden? If you fear His holy eyes, little need you fear the eyes of any sinful man."

SUCH a one was the Abbot Spiridion. His spirit passed from among men in the hundred and fifth year of his exile, in the third month of the year, on the morning of the Resurrection of the Lord Christ, between the white and the red of the morning, when the brethren were singing prime.

As he listened to them singing, his cheeks suddenly became flushed with bright color, and those who were about him, thinking he was in pain, asked if in any way they might relieve him; but he replied in a low voice, "When the heart is glad the face flowers." In a little after that he laughed softly to himself, and so they knew that his end was gladness.

When he died there were three hundred Religious in that monastery, and in his stead Samson was made Abbot of Gracedieu.

The body of Spiridion was laid in a stone coffin hard by the abbey church, and to those who had known the holy man it seemed nothing strange that the sick and afflicted should come and kneel by his grave, in the hope that by his intercession they might obtain succor in their misery. Certain it is that the blind were restored to sight, and the sick to health, and the painful to great ease, and the fame of these miracles was noised abroad in the world till thousands came in pilgrimage to the spot, and costly gifts—gold and silver and jewels, sheep and cattle, wine and corn, and even charters of large demesnes, fruitful fields and woods and waters—were bestowed as thank-offerings to the saintly man.

Then over his tomb rose a vast and beautiful minster, and the tomb itself was covered with a shrine, brilliant with blue and vermillion and gold and sculptured flowers, and guarded by angels with outspreading wings.

At the beginning Abbot Samson was well pleased, for the great church rose like a dream of heaven, but when he perceived that the constant concourse of people was destroying the hushed contemplation and piety of the house, and that the brethren were distracted with eagerness for gain and luxury and the pride of life, he resolved to make an end.

Wherefore after High Mass on the Feast of All Saints he bade the Religious walk in

procession to the splendid shrine, and there the Abbot, with the shepherd's staff of rule in his hand, struck thrice on the stone coffin, and three times he called aloud: "Spiridion! Spiridion! Spiridion!" and begged him, as he had been founder and first father of that monastery, to listen to the grievance which had befallen them in consequence of the miracles he had wrought from his grave.

AND after an indignant recital of their loss of humility, of their lukewarmness, of their desire for excitement and the pageants of the world, of their lust for buildings of stone and pillared walks and plentiful living, he concluded:

"Make, then, we beseech thee, no sign from thy sepulchre. Let life and death and joy and sorrow, and blindness and disease, and all the vicissitudes of this world follow their natural courses. Do not thou, out of compassion for thy fellow-man, interpose in the lawful succession of things. This is what we ask of thee, expecting it of thy love. But if it be that thou deny us, solemnly we declare unto thee, by the obedience which once we owed thee, we shall unearth thy bones and cast them forth from amongst us."

Now whether it was that for some high purpose God delayed the answer to that prayer, or whether it was the folly and superstition of men which gave to things natural the likeness of the miraculous, and even, peradventure, the folk lied out of a mistaken zeal for the glory of the saints, there was no abatement of the wonders wrought at Spiridion's tomb; and when the Abbot would have forbidden access to the vast crowds of pilgrims, the people resisted with angry violence and threatened fire and bloodshed.

So Samson summoned the wisest and holiest of the brotherhood, and took them into counsel.

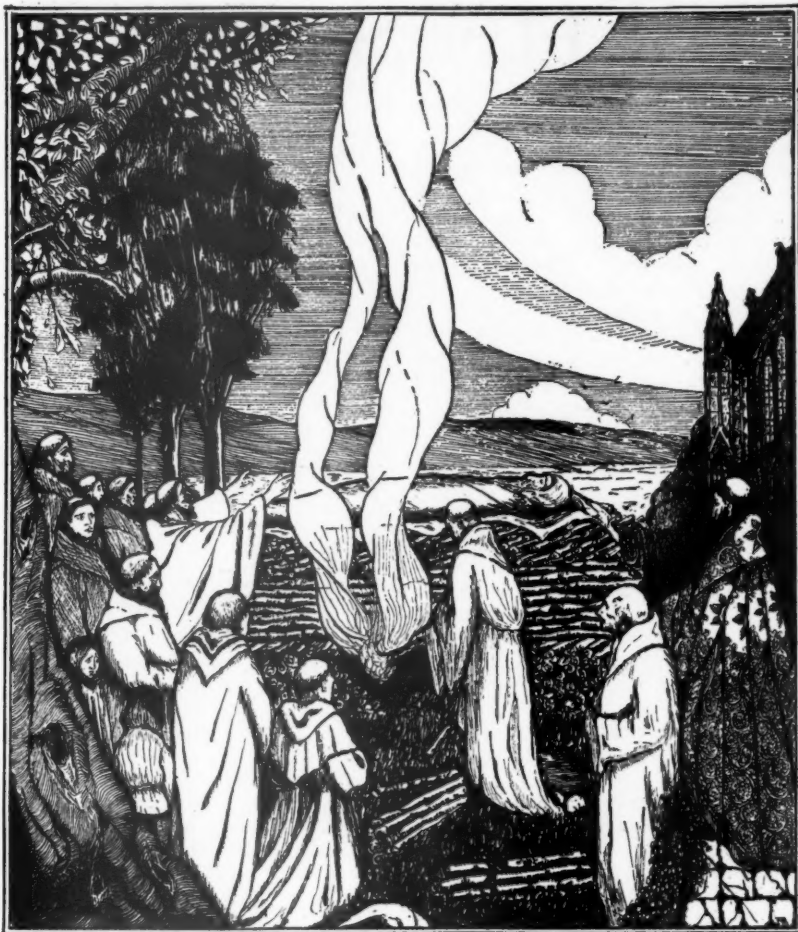
"This thing," said he, "cannot be of God, that one of His saints, the founder of this house, should lead into sloth and luxury the children of the house he has founded. Sooner could I believe that this is a malignant snare of the most Evil One, who heals the bodily ailments of a few that he may wreck the immortal souls of many."

Then arose Dom Walaric, the most aged of the monks, and said:

"Already, Father Abbot, hast thou spoken judgment. Grievously shall I lament what must be done; but in one way only can we root out this corruption. Let the bones of the holy man be unearthed and cast forth. He in the high heavens will know that we do not use him despitefully, but that of two evils this, indeed, is scarcely to be spoken of as an evil."

Wherefore, in a grassy bay of the land by the river a great pile of faggots was reared, dry and quick for the touch of flame. And the Abbot broke down the shrine and opened the tomb.

When the stone lid of the coffin had been



WHEN THEY HAD HEAPED THE FAGGOTS ABOUT HIM, THE ABBOT BLESSED THE BODY AND THE FUEL, AND WITH HIS OWN HAND SET FIRE TO THE FUNERAL PILE.

lifted, the Religious saw that, though it had been long buried, the body showed no sign of decay. Fresh and uncorrupted it lay in the sacred vestments; youthful and comely of face, despite a marvellous old age and years of sepulture.

WITH many tears they raised what seemed rather a sleeping man than a dead, and bore him to the river; and, when they had heaped the faggots about him, the Abbot blessed the body and the

fuel, and with his own hand set fire to the funeral pile.

The brethren restrained not their weeping and lamentation as they witnessed that hallowed burning; and the Abbot, with heavy eyes, tarried till the last ember had died out. Then were all the ashes of the fire swept together and cast into the fleeting river, which bore them through lands remote into the utmost sea that hath no outland limit save the blue sky and the low light of the shifting stars.

Nurse Twilight

By Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

NOW at the close of the evening,
Nurse Twilight covers Day's scars
And brings for its wounds and its sorrows
The cool, silver balm of the stars.

THE SAFETY POST

NOW this is a little difficult to begin, because the whole bit of a story really starts on the basis of a Catholic priest saying something which wasn't true. I suppose that somewhere there must be a proper theological explanation for it, only I can't see it myself and my facts seem clear-cut enough in all conscience.

There is his letter which I've got in front of me now, and as written a couple of years ago it hopes that I should enjoy my projected trip to America and definitely promises that I should find it all as easy as possible to make my way by road from New Orleans up to New York.

It would cost me next to nothing, so the letter goes on, because without the faintest difficulty I should be able to jump lifts the entire way. "Hitch-hiking," my correspondent kindly told me that the process was called and I duly made a note of the term. Well, I came over last year and part of it was true enough and I did very much enjoy my American trip, but as for the "hitch-hiking" business being easy I think that my priest-friend really ought to do a very severe penance indeed about his letter.

I remember the morning that I got out at New Orleans after two nights from New York sitting up in the day-coach. I'd started, of course, with the idea of stepping briskly out at New Orleans and then just asking the first policeman for the road back to New York. Only then, about the middle of the second night of it, the briskness seemed wearing off a trifle and an alternative *motif* was gradually forming itself in what I call my mind. Whether it mightn't be better to sit down a bit first in the shade of one of those old cotton trees in the quaintly primitive High Street, (the American term, of course, is Main Street) of New Orleans and try a coffee or something or perhaps a lemonade or two. "*Limonade*" would be the right word to use in a town like New Orleans, a picturesque survival of the Old France. *Monsieur le Gendarme* on similar principles would, of course, be the right way to address the policeman.

THEN when in the morning the train tipped me out at the depot, there seemed somehow to have been an error in my calculations. With a positively blasting heat that seemed almost to scorch your throat as you breathed and lots of skyscraper buildings and a bewildering roar of traffic.

One didn't sit down, I gathered, in the middle of Canal Street, and as for the *Monsieur le Gendarme* business it was quite a while before I could find a policeman at all and then he wasn't a bit in the French style. No raising your hat and

By John Gibbons

then he, in turn, gravely saluting, and then the two of you turning to a five minutes' investigation of your papers and what it might be that you wanted to know.

This man was in his shirt sleeves, and was truculently swinging a club with one hand and holding a large cigar with the other. And when I spoke to him I got the first impression that he was going to club me on general principles.

IT WAS like that nearly all the time, with practically every preconceived idea of mine about America being hopelessly wrong. And in particular my "hitch-hiking" ideas were wrongest of all. You can do it in England, only not so very easily. In Ireland on the other hand it's simple, because they've no Casual Wards there, and so, with next to no hoboes, there is nothing to be afraid of, and perhaps one car in three will even stop and offer a lift without being asked to.

Then in France and Italy it's different again and lifts are not at all the custom. At the same time if you sit down by the side of the foot-path and don't signal and don't ask you may occasionally get a ride. And in the bits of Portugal that I know, you'll be offered a lift whether you want one or not, because the rare motorist would think it a grave breach of all the decencies of hospitality not to give one. I tell you, I know the roads nearly all over Europe. Eighteen countries, I believe it is that I have somehow muddled through.

Now with America it was all different again, and anything harder than to get rides over that sixteen hundred miles or so of road from Louisiana to New York I can't imagine. To start with, down there they've got no foot-paths to sit on and next to no villages either; and it takes some pluck to commit yourself to about thirty miles of shadeless tramp between towns there in that flaming Southern heat.

Nor in the Deep South is it much use holding out your hand to stray cars on the road. Because I asked one Travelling Man about it, and he said that from the point of view of the driver the safest thing was to shoot at anyone holding out a hand; I don't know, of course, whether he was speaking the truth or not, but anyway it rather discouraged me. Then in books, of course, it's the easiest thing possible to jump a train and in fact all the best travel writers seem to do it that way.

Only when I inquired into the matter, it appears that you've got to begin by walking a mile or so outside the town and then, somehow, get on the thing when it is going; and how on earth do you ever

find out where the train is going to unless you can ask the conductor? The train-jumping business seemed a bit beyond me.

I did, of course, get a few road lifts. There was a truck, for instance, somewhere down in Alabama that took me simply miles and miles. And extraordinarily kind of the man it was; it was just my misfortune that it took me all those miles the wrong way. And there were a few other lifts of the sort; but not many.

Perhaps I haven't the right manner for the business, but it seemed to me that I could stand for simply hours holding out my pack with dignity without a single automobile ever so much as glancing the side of the road that I was on. And then I always had to think very hard which side; because you in America drive the wrong way.

Actual tramping I tried several times, only it really is a job for a middle-aged man of well-developed figure down in a heat wave in that Deep South, and in fact it isn't till about Virginia that you can do it at all. I remember one day down there, and the night before I'd put up at a little Rooming House on the roadside; and I had thought that if I could only get up at about four and make a start at perhaps five I might manage to make a decent mileage before the full heat started.

And then it couldn't be done; because the people weren't up at four or anything like it and they wouldn't let me go out by myself even if I paid the bill the night before. A bit suspicious of me, I think they were; very nearly in rags I was after all those hundreds of miles and, though I'd got money in my pocket, I imagine that I must have been a rare sort of tourist to their ideas. And, anyway, it was about half-past seven before I could get off.

HEAT waves apart, actual tramping doesn't worry me in British Army Boots, those heavy things all ironed underneath, I can get along pretty well even with a biggish pack on my back. Only not even in Portugal or Southern Italy had I ever struck a heat like that of the South, and before I had left that little Rooming House ten minutes I was wondering a bit. In fact if I told the truth I should say that I was dead scared of that heat and I'd have turned back only that I was ashamed to.

But every minute that I went on, the thing seemed to get worse. With perfect streams of sweat running down all over me and that sun nothing like at its fullest yet. It isn't like the Continent of Europe; no trees on that everlasting South Virginia road. And if there was a stray bush every half-mile or so it was about all that

there was. I almost raced, I remember, from bush to bush, and then when I got to one I'd just stand five minutes till I dared have another shot at it. I never sat down, never took my pack off; it wasn't that I was at all tired, but only that I couldn't stand that awful heat-wave.

A COUPLE of hours or so I must have been at it that way and getting worse all the time. And then when I came to a bush where the road had risen to the top of a bit of a hill I got frightened; because I could see quite a way ahead and there wasn't any more bushes. And just then the sun came out properly; perhaps ten in the morning it would be then and of course the thing would go on getting worse till noon.

Ever so suddenly I went into a kind of little panic. Fear of apoplexy and heat-stroke and all that sort of thing, don't you know; and of course it's ever so silly and really you ought just to carry on and not care two hoots whether the blessed country is Finland or Italy or what. But you try it with perhaps ten dollars in your pocket and being some thousands of miles from home.

Anyway, as I say, I lost my nerve for the minute. And I simply shivered in the two-cents' worth of shade from that bush and daren't leave it a single yard either to go on or to go back. Further, I went and broke my word pretty badly. Because the night before I had sort of promised myself that I would genuinely walk, and not hunt round for any free automobile trips. And here I was stuck under that beastly bit of a bush somewhere in the far south of Virginia and looking round feverishly to see which was to be the first car to take me away.

Then none of them would. It wasn't exactly a highly frequented road, but every ten minutes or so a machine would pass. Only none of them would stop. I tried standing up and waving, and I tried sitting down and holding out my pack. I didn't ever call out; but, short of shouting, I did about everything I could think of to beg a lift. And then I didn't get one. They all looked, and then they all looked away again.

That priest's story of an America simply bubbling over for the honor of giving me free rides seemed a bit out somewhere. Maybe he hadn't reckoned on America's distinguished guest wearing an alpaca jacket all split up one side and mended with string. It is possible that under the bit of shade of that bush I came as something of a surprise to passing cars; they seemed positively to shy at me like jibbing horses. There was one man, I remember, who actually came back to have another look at me. I'd waved as he passed; and then, a hundred yards further on, he had stopped and turned round and driven slowly back. But then he never said anything and, of course, I couldn't. I might be slowly dying of incipient apoplexy, but after all one simply can't speak to a

strange man to whom one has never been introduced. So in the end he turned round again and disappeared into the distance.

All the time the sun was getting higher and the heat growing steadily worse. Also myself; I could almost have been sick. Half-past eleven it was, and then a quarter to twelve. And then five minutes later a miracle happened. With a passing machine suddenly slowing down and then stopping and the men in it actually calling out to me to jump in and have a ride. And whether it was really the proper etiquette or not, I took that as a sort of informal introduction and got in and did have a ride. And it was one of the oddest rides with one of the oddest endings that I remember in my whole life.

Two of them there were—a big man and a little man—and as soon as I had finished introducing myself and thanking them and had got my breath back a bit in the cool of the shade I started sort of taking stock of my new surroundings. Commercial travellers I should have said that they were, what you call Travelling Men; because all the back part of the car where I was sitting was crowded up with sample cases and bags.

Only they didn't seem to care and I was to shift the adjectived stuff or sit on top of it or, in fact, do what I adjectived well liked. Then as one of the men happened to think of it, he asked if I could do with a drink, and if I moved that bag I should find a bottle underneath it. Only really there was only about a quarter of a bottle; and it began to dawn on me that they were Travelling Men taking a day off. Pretty drunk, they were. Perhaps that is why they had stopped to pick me up.

How long they might have been at it I didn't, of course, know. But as we got friendlier and talked a bit, it struck me that their little bit of an outing must have been on quite a time. Because, if in all America there were two raving lunatics, those were the men; and I don't know that it would have been everybody's fancy riding to their driving. But the man who was doing it was really an artist at his driving; drunk to the world, he could make that automobile of his fairly do tricks on the road.

Uncommonly dangerous tricks, too; like whacking her up to the top speed and then timing himself with a watch how fast he could stop her and turn round. At home with a neat road patrol every couple of miles or so we'd all have seen the inside of a police station within ten minutes, but here in the off-the-track part of Virginia there didn't seem to be anyone to take any particular notice and we could drive for miles and hardly see a soul.

WHERE we were going to I didn't know. And really I didn't much care. Anything was better than slowly frying under that road-side bush. Only by and by I was told where we were going. Somewhere where more drink could be got.

The big man was bitterly blaming the little man for letting the last bottle run out and the little man was fiercely denying its being his fault. What with the trick-driving and what with the quarrelling, it was scarcely a drive of pleasure.

I'M NOT saying that in other countries you won't find iniquity, in places, because you will. But iniquity will be tucked shamefacedly out of the way down the back slums of some great city. Here in Virginia it seemed all different, and the sort of single village street that we eventually drove to must have been miles and miles away from anywhere. And then apparently given up entirely to what, as I say, would have been found only in a city slum.

Where its patrons could come from, I don't know; but probably it's all different in a country where every other person seems to own a car. But I've seen Paris and Vienna and Budapest and Lisbon and a few more places, and I've never seen anything to beat that village street down in picturesque-sounding Old Virginia. The drink part of it, by the way, was funny, and we acquired more bottles from an elderly gentleman with a long white beard and a very large Bible stuck prominently in the window of his cottage in that quaint old village street. And then, on the urgent entreaty of the smaller of the two Travelling Men, we drove away at last to enjoy the treat.

Now, coming from a country that has no Prohibition, we are free, if we wish, to have a drink without breaking the law. Only like most of my sort, it's beer for me every time and I don't suppose that in the ordinary way I'll have a glass of whiskey from one year's end to the next. So that I can't say that I'm a connoisseur on it. Only when, after urgent solicitation from my hosts, I did have my second sip of that stuff, it did strike me as about the world's very worst; and not for anything was I going to have any more. And I ate at some sandwich stuff that somewhere we had taken aboard. More then for them, the big man said; he was getting unpleasantly quarrelsome now.

Drawn up by the side of the road we were, eating and arguing and the two men still at their bottles. I'd got my old coat right off now, and my shirt sleeves rolled up and the neck open against that awful heat. And there was a bit of string round my neck with a Medal on it that my wife had once given me. "Catholic," wasn't it, they asked, and then, while the big man said nothing, the other fellow went almost out of his way to explain that he for his part didn't believe in Popery. And then, with a curse from his mate, off we drove again. Less and less of a pleasure outing this was getting.

Next halt was worse still. The big man was now pretty well silent; he could drive automatically, it seemed, but otherwise he must have come pretty near the end of

his tether. But the little fellow was maudlin, almost weeping on my shoulder with his own poison-whiskey emotions.

This thing had happened before, it seemed; for once every three months or something he'd meet the other man and then it was always the same. Drink, drink, drink, and it would take him days to recover and put him back weeks in his business. And he always meant that every time should be the last, and then it happened again. There were other things, too, it seemed, and I thought of some of the non-alcoholic attractions of that simple little Virginian village. And then with a drunkard's cheap hysteria the miserable little beggar was actually showing me the miniature of his own wife; only he couldn't help it, he said. And then with a lot more cursing we were off again.

I was frightened, I tell you, by this time. A joke is a joke and a glass of beer is a glass of beer, but for all that there is a limit. I am a Catholic, after all, and there are some things I stick at. Also it isn't all honey driving deserted roads through an unknown country with two total strangers apparently on the verge of mania. And if we'd ever seen a townlet or I'd had the faintest notion where I was

I'd have jumped out and risked my neck even at the pace we generally were going. About forty per hour as a rule. But then you simply can't jump out in the middle of nowhere. I tell you that I was ever so pleased when in the end we slowed down a bit for a decent-looking little town.

IF I was so sure then, the big surly man was saying, that I wasn't a sport after all and that I wouldn't take a man's drink, I'd better be getting out here. There'd be an hotel of some sort, if they'd take me in, that was; and he looked contemptuously at my rather awful clothes; or a Rooming House, anyway. And he hoped that I'd enjoyed my drive. He and his friend, of course, they were good sports and were going on somewhere to enjoy their evening as sports should. And a little broadly he indicated the nature of the expected entertainment. "You know, George," he said (only that wasn't the name), "that you want to come." Because the little man was out of the car now and holding a bit doubtfully on to me.

Only his supposition was all wrong as it happened. Because with a staggering bolt like a frightened rabbit the little fellow was away from that car and across

the sidewalk and through a little gate and up some half-dozen steps and was touching the door of what looked like a country chapel as though it might have been the portal of some mediaeval Cathedral with the sort of Sanctuary Ring that you read about. The drunkard and the small town Little Bethel, the Sanctuary idea and then the little weakling with a grin as if it had been some child's game: "Can't touch me here." It all struck me as odd.

Then as he called out to his mate about his grips and where they were to be left and all that, it got odder still. Because as I slowly crossed the sidewalk with my own pack and glanced up at that chapel notice-board, it wasn't a chapel at all but a Catholic church. Only I thought, I told him, that he had said that he didn't believe in all that.

"But," said the little Travelling Man, "I knew that I'd be Safe here." And, nine-tenths intoxicated as he was, he fumbled awkwardly to open the back of his watch-case.

"You showed me," I said, "her photograph once."

An odd little bit of my American trip, that was. Only, of course, the thing is happening everywhere all the time.

A CATHOLIC CHILD'S ALPHABET

By Shanby Howe

A—is for ANNA who, in married estate,
by Joachim bore Mary Immaculate.

B—is for BETHLEHEM where Jesus was born
of Saint Mary the Virgin that first Christmas morn.

C—is for CROSS and CHRIST Who on it did die
for the sins of the world—some day you'll know why.

D—is for the DEVIL for whom Hell was made
and all who have listened to him and obeyed.

E—is for EASTER, that brightest of Feast-days;
Christ rising triumphant, us with Him did raise.

F—is for the FATHER of Jesus Our Lord
the first of the Trinity to be adored.

G—is for GOD, Creator Invisible
revealed a Trinity Indivisible.

H—is for HEAVEN where the Trinity dwell
with Our Lady, the Saints, and the Angels as well.

I—is for INNOCENTS—infants whom Herod
cruelly slew in place of Jesus our God.

J—is for JOSEPH the Spouse of the Mother
of Jesus Our Savior and dear Elder Brother.

K—is for the KINGDOM of which Jesus is King—
the dear Church His Body—His praises we sing.

L—is for LION whom Saint Peter did say
is Satan who'll devour you if you don't pray.

M—is for the MASS, Calvary's Sacrifice dread
offered daily by priests for quick and for dead.

N—is for NAZARETH in far Galilee
which sheltered our Jesus for years thirty-three.

O—is the OH! all the Redeemed will exclaim
when they get into Heaven through Jesus' Name.

P—is for PETER on whom Christ built His Church
with promise she'd never be left in the lurch.

Q—is for QUEEN Mary crowned Queen by her Son
of high Heaven, Saints, Angels and everyone.

R—is for ROME—Eternal City of God,
where the feet of Saints Peter and Paul once trod.

S—is for SACRAMENTS numbering seven
steps in the ladder that leads up to Heaven.

T—is for TRINITY—Three Persons in One:
God the Father, God the Spirit, and God's Son.

U—is UNION 'twixt Christ and the shriven
soul that has sinned and has now been forgiven.

V—is for VIRGINS, all those people who take
the three holy vows for Our Savior's dear sake.

W—is for WHITSUN, Feast of the Holy Dove
Who in likeness of fire came down from above.

X—is for XMAS, our dear Savior's Birthday
returning from Mass, we all merrily play.

Y—is for YOU DEAR at the Font born again
a true child of Mary with Jesus shall reign.

Z—is for the ZEAL all Catholics profess
which renders them brave in the face of duress.

POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Weeps in Vain

THE omniscient Arthur Brisbane, like many another current oracle, has it all figured out: the new German Government will tell the inter-European assemblage at Lausanne that Germany can and will no longer pay for losing the War; and then the French and Italian and British will announce that they cannot pay us. And there you are; or, rather, where are you?

But a mere tax-paying, newspaper-reading citizen sits down and ponders. Strange that Germany, despoiled and weakened, is yet strong enough to stand up like the Eiffel Tower, when she feels that way, and challenge all Europe. What a nation! Possibly those great loans which interest-greedy American bankers made her (much to their present grief) have fortified her for this present gesture of separation refusal. Some reviewers assert that she sank lots of this money in factory-improvements, modern buildings, bridges, and other such irremovable assets, and then wisely embraced bankruptcy and despair; furthermore, they declare that, if her nay-nay attitude is successful and her bonds are scratched, she'll be in a position industrially to exceed other nations, as a blessed result of her prudence and foresight. Maybe.

At all events, it's astonishing that, whether actually destitute or not, Germany can snap her fingers in the face of her conquerors and tell them what she can or can not, and what she shall or shall not, do; and, more amazing still, that the Allies have suddenly become so meek as to twiddle their thumbs and listen.

The probability is that, by passively abetting and fostering the idea of Germany's destitution and of the impossibility of her ever meeting her obligations, Europe feels that the U. S. A. will be impressed with Old World "helplessness" and cancel all debts. And the Allies likely would gain more from such a procedure, just now, than from a further attempt to frisk the Fatherland.

As for Europe's positively refusing to pay, the average man can not see such an eventuality at all, despite Brisbane's conviction. For if anything is evident in this muddled world at present, our overseas debtors are utterly anxious to keep their credit with us. Why not? We have the greatest gold gross of all nations. We are far more vital to Europe's recovery than she is to ours. We have been in-

initely generous in the past, and presumably may be good for many more favors in the future, if—

Cheer us, Arthur Brisbane and such.

Had to Be One

THERE are poets and poets and poets—
A golden brigade, heaven-blest!
There are poets and poets and poets.
(And, also, there's Edgar A. Guest.)

In Passing

WHEN President Hoover has finished office, it would be courtesy to present him with something to remember his achievements by. Why not a bound copy of the Wickersham report?

Some cities this year have saved thousands of dollars by closing their schools early. Well, since schools are currently a matter of dollars and cents, our municipalities might save millions, while they're about it, by not opening them at all.

Nobody passes the buck any more. It's a plugged nickel now.

There are always any number of men capable of running our country. But the question is: Where?

Just when Congress was seriously taking up reducing exercises, Garner had to bring in a pork-barrel.

Twins: a persimmon and a Calvin Coolidge smile.

Suggestions for Tomorrow's Depression Menu

BREAKFAST

FAUCET JUICE (i.e. WATER)
MORNING PAPER (WANT COLUMN)
PANED HOOVER COFFEE-MEMORIES
HALF OF YESTERDAY'S CRUST

LUNCHEON

POTATO PEEL SALAD
LEFT-OVER TIN-CAN LABELS
JAM SADWICHES
(Left-over bread-crumbs, if any, jammed together.)

FAUCET JUICE

DINNER

ROAST HOOVER
APPLE-SAUCE
BOLOGNA À LA POLITIQUE RASPBERRIES
BANANA-OIL SOUFFLÉ
FAUCET JUICE

All in Pun

WHEN one thinks of the crash of 1929 (and one sometimes does), Uncle Sam impresses as having been a booming idiot.

Wall Street Motto Suggestion: You can pool some of the people all of the time, but you can't pool all of the people all of the time.

Our lendship with Europe is over.

In chopping down expenses, Congress has terribly axed the American people.

The present flood of economic trouble seems traceable — not? — to infinitely watered stocks.

Scientists have split the atom. Sounds as if they'd been dissecting some senator's brain.

We very likely will stick to gold. But the trouble is that gold won't stick to us.

Prosperity is just around the corner.

Mr. Hoover practically promised a chicken in every pot. Well the chicken flew away over the back fence; but, at least, everything has gone to pot.

Hardly Mentionable

EX-PRESIDENT COOLIDGE declares that Europe really should pay her debts. Trust deep-thinking Calvin to say something original.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson, bulwark of the Eighteenth Amendment, is to make a tour of Chicago speak-easies. He will be gone, we fear, for years.

One may sum up the present condition of the United States thus: America was walking on a tight-rope called Prohibition and—er—lost her balance. The Underworld got it.

Many Congressmen appear unable to help the Government save money. Well, may we suggest resignation or even—say, bichloride of mercury?

Balcony seats for the two national conventions are said to have sold for as high as eight dollars. Possibly, though, in these times, the two conventions together were worth only half that sum.

An Opening

"DON'T open your mouth,"
Said the dentist.

"That is, do not open so wide.

After all, I suppose

That a man like you knows:

A tooth-puller must stand outside."

Stuff of Education

BOWDOIN COLLEGE has a stuffed polar bear for a mascot; and Tufts rejoices in no less a triumph of taxidermy, for its mascotic purpose, than the up-standing remains of Barnum's big elephant, Jumbo. Other institutions of learning—any number of them!—are partial to animals as an ideal of luck; and so we may say what we always suspected—namely, that the average academic tendency in America is rather animalistic.

Your up-to-date college-graduate, poisoning an elbow on Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf-Library (Bible excluded), and tossing an independent glance at the past, is disposed to wonder that men could ever have been so benighted as to believe in spells and charms and relics and such. The while effigies like Barnum's elephant look meekly down and seem mightily to breathe, "There's one born every minute, usually a sophomore."

It should appeal to a Freshman or a Senior that to place one's trust in spiritual powers is more rational than to put it in stuffed bisons, beavers, polar-bears, goats or pachyderms. Young David did not string a horse-chestnut around his neck or tuck a rabbit's foot in his girdle when he went out to meet Goliath of Gath, but mainly depended on the Lord—and won. The devout Catholic burns a candle before the statue of his favorite saint and, stimulated by thoughts of his spiritual model and champion, goes forth to conquer too. Every mascot, in a religious sense, must be a master; and to invoke such is never a superstition but good common sense.

Cease. We are getting serious; and who has a right to be so, where college-boys and mounted Jumbos are concerned? One should merely smile and murmur, "Ah, such is the *stuff* of modern education," and let it go at that.

Pride of American Citizenry

MERELY a most clever magnate. Wherever he goes, he is hailed! He has ruled mighty banks, And in this he out-ranks Al Capone: he has never been jailed.

Signs of the Times

COSMETICS are said to have fallen off hugely during the past years. So it seems that, at last, we may have a chance to see what our women-folk really look like.

Perfumes, too, are by no means so widely used. And some of us were ridiculous enough to attribute the prevalent malodorousness in our national life to—politics.

One good thing about dull business is that it's evidently giving executives and clerks a lot of time to polish up on their Emily Post. One is positively overwhelmed with etiquette now, on entering an apothecary to purchase a three-cent stamp or a piece of gum. To have a

prescription filled would be extravagant: 'twould practically amount to being invited into partnership.

According to the soldiers, what this country needs is a good back-bonus.

Until recently, the prevalent opinion seemed to be that Chicago was rather an *unconventional* city.

Official announcement: All's not Quiet on the Mid-Western Front.

An aviator, picked up away out in the Atlantic where he'd been floating about on a wrecked plane for a week, was described by his rescuers as "nearly crazy." What would you call a man that sits on a flag-pole for ten days?

Mr. Hoover and Richley

SECRETARY:—Mr. President, what do you think on the Prohibition Question?

MR. HOOVER: Well, now, what do you think I think?

SEC.: Why—er—nothing in particular. Or, for that matter, in general either.

MR. H.: Precisely.

SEC.: But, of, course, it is essential now, at campaign-time, for the President of the U. S. A. to have at least *one* opinion on something. It is really expected.

MR. H.: Yes, I know. I must have at least one opinion on something. But where in Washington can I find one?—Oh yes; I have it!

SEC.: Have what, Mr. President?

MR. H.: An idea.

SEC.: Oh, goody-goody! I knew, if I lived long enough—What's the idea, Mr. President?

MR. H.: In order to have the necessary opinion sought out and found for me, I'll immediately appoint a—

SEC. (crestfallen): A *commission*! Yeah. Might have known. And you call that an idea!

MR. H.: It's the best one I've ever had.

SEC.: Yeah.

Impervious

NO matter what happens in our Country in decades to come, we'll not be shocked. The past fifteen years have been so crammed with the incredible that, along with Saint Augustine, we henceforth must simply breathe: "I believe it, because it's absurd." If made to sit in the electric-chair itself, Uncle Sam at present would probably experience nothing more than a comparative sense of comfort.

Back in 1917, our boys proudly marched off, to the cheers of the nation, to "make the World safe for Democracy" (whatever that meant); and today we behold the same soldiers having humbly to plead with the very Government that commissioned them without a qualm to fight Europe's battles, for the bare necessities that would make, not the World safe for Democracy, but modestly render America safe for herself.

Back in those mythical pre-'29 days,

street-laborers wore silk-shirts and owned Anaconda or Radio shares. Today bank presidents have holes in their socks and are happy to call a swivel-chair their own.

A few seasons ago, children were causing their parents concern no end: now it's the parents that put wrinkles in the faces of the children.

The experiment of emptying the American sea of alcohol with a tin dipper of legislation, and pouring back everything that was taken out, has proved so absorbing to senators and such that it's gone on for years. And now the most ardent supporters of the puerile measure suddenly, under the stimulus of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., wake up to the fact that, as a fizzle, Prohibition has been a rare success; and they are tripping over one another's heels in their haste to go on record as anti-Dry.

Yes, indeed. Nothing can be very strange to America in the future; for her immediate past is a regular museum of the incredible.

Capital Ideas: Ideal Capital

NOT to pay any dividends, but to put the profits for the fiscal year 1931-32 into reserves was the decision, we are told, of Poland's seven largest banks.

Here in America some such policy seems to have been more or less in vogue with our corporations since the depression began, and doubtless long before. The difference, though, was that, while dividends were eliminated wherever possible, the profits did not go into surpluses so much, perhaps, as into pockets. There has been remarkably little reserve in America, y'know, about pocketing a profit. "Let him who can take, take it," seems to have been accepted in a sense far, far indeed, from Scriptural, as a business-slogan. In fact, as our recent Stock Market Investigation conclusively showed, our financial leaders had no reserve whatsoever about accumulating and appropriating an exceedingly large (personal) one.

Believe it or not, there are cases on record, here in the U. S. A., of poor colored folk condemned to five, even thirty, years in prison for stealing such precious things as a chicken or a ham. But the gentleman, quite reserved, that takes merely millions, is honorably known as a financier; and, far from being allotted a cell, he rejoiced in an estate on Long Island. When worse comes to worse, he has only to catch the Bremen, or some such Neptune speedster, and luxuriate, until the storm blows over, in Paris.

Ah truly, in this modern merry-go-round, it pays to lack one kind of reserve provided one has plenty of the other. But imagine what is going to happen when, the depression of this life having passed, our capitalists present themselves at the Teller-window of Eternity and—er—draw out their balances.

CATHOLIC YOUTH GETS

By Francis P. Le Buffe, S.J. INTO ACTION

AMERICA has its Catholic Youth Movement.

It is *not* in an *experimental* stage.

It is a *fact*.

Every one who was in Chicago from June 17 to 26 at the Fourth National Sodality Conventions would endorse these statements absolutely.

To see five hundred college men and women snap into action and carry through the National College Sodality Convention by themselves for three full days was indeed a privilege and an eye-opener. And then when one thousand high-school boys and girls, in strict parliamentary form, discussed with utter frankness and literally seething enthusiasm the major problems of their lives, one almost felt one was in a dream.

NEVER a dull moment—never a moment when attention lagged; hands waving violently for recognition by the Chair; speech—straightforward, plain, yet always splendidly self-controlled. For three days, June 17 to 19, the college men and women held *their* Sodality Convention; and for three days, June 24 to 26, the high-school boys and girls held *theirs*.

We older folk held our peace—entranced onlookers. Many and many a time we wanted to add a word or two, but, barring

a few brief, very brief, words, the "faculty" members were silent.

THEREIN lies the secret: it was the *students'* convention. And back of that lies the secret of each successful Sodality: plenty of room for *personal* initiative on the part of each Sodalist. That such initiative had been allowed them "back at home" was fully in evidence from the reports made by Sodalists from all over the country.

And come they did from the four quarters: from New York and Buffalo; from Wilmington and Washington; from Tampa and New Orleans; from Tucson and far away Los Angeles; from Denver and Chicago and Detroit. Eighty-seven colleges and fifteen schools of nursing were represented at the College Convention; and one hundred and seventy-five schools at the High School Convention.

The slogan of the Convention had been broadcast: "Dare We Be Different?" And the answer to that was written large over the two Conventions. These students *were* different; from the pagan world around them they differed in ideals, in faith, and, outspokenly, in the manner of their lives. To have five hundred college students, and, thereafter, one thousand high-school pupils in a public hotel, hun-

dreds of them living there for the three days of each convention, and to have the hotel employes astounded at their seemingly conduct is in utter contrast with most student gatherings in hotels.

And they were no "sleepy heads," no namby-pamby, half-dead creatures, but live American boys and girls of 1932. As the head Negro steward said: "We don't see such gatherings often here. And we don't have such happy dances, with none of the young couples going aside and coming back with liquor on their breath. These are different."

Yes, they were different: in what they spoke about; in the way they acted in the corridors and elevators and dining rooms; on the dance floor when, after a hard day's session, they tapered off the day with pleasant pastime; in the way they attended Mass in the Grand Ballroom of the hotel, greeting Our Lord each morning as their Guest.

AND what did they talk about during the conventions? About what they had been doing "back home," swapping experiences, telling of successes and failures. Then, too, proposing plans and offering suggestions for future work.

What had they done? Well, about everything that comes under the head of



DIRECTORS AND MODERATORS AT THE STUDENTS' CONVENTIONS (HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES) IN CHICAGO. SEATED (LEFT TO RIGHT) SECOND, REV. A. WEISER, S.J., DIRECTOR CATHOLIC YOUTH MOVEMENT, VIENNA, AUSTRIA; FOURTH, REV. J. ROGER LYONS, S.J., ASSISTANT NATIONAL DIRECTOR; FIFTH, REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J., NATIONAL SODALITY DIRECTOR. STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT) NINTH IN TOP ROW, REV. FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J., EASTERN DIRECTOR OF THE SODALITY.



HIGH SCHOOL SESSION OF THE STUDENTS' SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP CONVENTION, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY HELD IN THE PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO, JUNE 24, 1932.

Catholic Action. This group had sponsored a Sodality radio hour; this one had taught catechism in parishes outside the city. These had distributed Catholic literature far and wide; others found a way to maintain a pamphlet rack in a railroad station, others had conducted a city-wide drive for their local diocesan newspaper, netting eight thousand and three new subscribers; others had proved themselves "an eye to the blind" by transcribing books into Braille. Truckloads of old clothes were collected and distributed by others; while successful exception had been taken by others to suggestive advertisements; others had listed all Catholic books in the local public library; others had brought back lapsed Catholics to Our Lord as a Christmas gift.

ONE of the most stimulating sessions was the "intellectual" session of the college group, eight P. M. Saturday, June 18. The reading of Catholic literature; the developing of Catholic writers; the buying of Catholic books—these were all thrashed out. And one very definite outcome—which is big with possibilities for American Catholic literature—was the decision to form two different writers' guilds:

(1) In each local College Sodality the formation of a guild to produce writers. These writers are to be encouraged to submit their work to any member of a National Advisory Board, to be formed by Father Lord, S.J., to be composed of teaching men and women who have attained actual distinction as writers, and who are willing to give to their young brothers and sisters the benefit of their experience.

(2) A National Honor Writers' Guild to which may belong during college years (and *only* during college years), any collegian who shall have had an article ac-

cepted, paid for and published, or an unpaid-for published article of five thousand words or more will be eligible.

For both these guilds the collegians were enthusiastic.

FURTHER—to show their practicality—both college and high-school students resolved to change the name of their "Study Clubs" to "Catholic Evidence Guilds." The older name suggests merely mental intake; the latter stresses the handing-on of our Catholic knowledge to others, especially those outside the Faith.

A question—recurrent throughout both Conventions—was coöperation with the parish. The handbill, given out at the Conventions, read:

WHO CARES

ABOUT THE PARISH?

Students—

1. Have you a parish activities committee in your Students' Spiritual Council or Sodality?
2. Are your students listed by parish?
3. Do you promote special meetings of those who live in the same parish?
4. Do you keep your students notified of the activities in their parishes?
5. Is your school bulletin board used for notices of parish activities? Is a definite place on the board used regularly for parish notices?
6. Is every student a member of the parish Sodality or of another parish society?

7. Is this (No. 6) a requirement for membership in the Students' Spiritual Council or School Sodality?

8. Are your students (day students) reminded of the monthly communions and meetings of the parish Sodality?

9. Does your parish activities committee keep any record of the attendance of students at parish affairs?

10. Is your school Sodality known, not only as a splendid organization for the students while in school, but also as a training school of Sodality organization in the parish?

11. Do you have special meetings at school in which parish life, parish loyalty, and devotion to the pastor are discussed?

12. Are you prepared, through your school Sodality, to take your place in parish life? Or is your school Sodality making you "snobs" (pardon the expression. It sometimes is true!), aloof from the rest of the parish?

13. Do you impress upon your Sodalists the realization that the parish is the fundamental of all Church organization, that all spiritual life flows from the parish, and that an intelligent Catholic, no matter

what his education or training, always gives his first devotion to the parish and parish activities?

14. Do you discuss parish Sodality problems in school so that you will be trained to meet them properly, with tact, wisdom, patience, and yet with zeal?

The answer is YES—when the school Sodality is functioning as it should. It is the earnest wish and hopeful prayer that every school Sodality or Students' Spiritual Council will realize the essential importance of the Parish Activities Committee and that the students will show thoughtful care for their parishes.

WHO CARES ABOUT THE PARISH?

Students Do!!!

THE reason for this is self-explanatory, and it was more than gratifying to see that all were deeply convinced of the dominant importance of such coöperation. Nor was it all theory. Many a practical scheme had *already* been used (e. g., nos. 1-5) and one college graduate told how she had gone into the Parish Sodality after her graduation, and with splendid tactfulness had vitalized the whole group. (Not only was

The Mediator

By Richard A. Welfle, S. J.

"A priest clad in his sacred vestments holds the place of Christ."—Thomas à Kempis, Bk. IV, ch. V.

THE gray mist quakes. Now, sacerdotal wise,
(The East's high altar draped in dawn's first flush)

With mien majestic, reverential hush,

The snow-cowled mountain peak high heaven tries

Suppliantly. Lo, here what power lies,

To draw from out the clouds sweet streams that flow

To thirsting fields and struggling life below?

Ah, tender mercy, condescending skies!

O thou, at whose high call the angels sigh;

Aye, cheat Divine, to seize on Aaron's rod!

In one tremendous moment, from on high

Thy words bring down to us the living God,

Lest our faint hearts, athirst for Him, should die,

While these dull lowlands of the world we plod.

there no antagonism engendered, but after the first year she was compelled to submit to election as Prefect!)

Between the College and the High School Conventions, the First National Sodality Directors Convention was held. Over sixty priests and Brothers took part in the discussions which lasted from Monday, June 20, to Thursday, June 23. Most of the men present were old-timers in the field, having spent many a year in the direction of youth. For four days their discussions were eminently practical and so convinced were all of the worthwhileness of the meetings that they unanimously went on record as favoring a similar meeting of Directors each year.

But that was "behind" and "between" the scenes. They are but the *directors*, the *moderators*: the students must have the "go" and "push" and "speed"; we older folk are to *direct* and maybe, at times, *moderate*. Theirs is the energy and initiative; ours the guidance.

And it is this splendid insight into the psychology of youth and his complete confidence in them that has made Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., their well-loved leader. The young of today are as inherently capable of all that is noble and true and heroic as the young of yesteryears. We gain nothing by damning them or by continually pointing out their faults. They will be led by *love* and *confidence*.

AND when they are, the answer they give is the answer their representatives gave at the Sodality Conventions in Chicago—the silent yet thunderously loud sermon of young lives straight and clean and pure before man and God. Only when we older folk love them and show *our abiding confidence* in them will they "dare to be different."



COLLEGE SESSION OF THE STUDENTS' SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP CONVENTION, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY, HELD IN THE PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO, JUNE 17, 18 AND 19, 1932.

JUST IRELAND

By Robert Petrock

'Twas the dream of a God,
And the mold of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

—DORA SIGERSON

IRELAND! Ireland! Always will the name tremble and break and weave enchanting music and conjure crimson and green and violet patterns of once experienced, never forgotten, delights! For, surely, there is a hint of music in all names, but in the very name of Ireland there lives a symphony. They may talk to you about the Irish wildness and the pain and the desolation of Ireland. They will go back on her brokenness in the past and on her imagined pallid inachievement in the present. They will shrug their shoulders at the many sweet futilities of Ireland, speak condescendingly on the waste and the ineptitude and the crazy aimlessness of Ireland, as though any music could be called waste, as though any singing could go on in aimlessness!

PSH-T and a great shame on these! For they come to Ireland, a chill on their hearts, their eyes blinded and their ears deafened. They see no beauty. They cannot appraise the bare worth of an ever-singing island. They have, mayhap, read scholarly books on Ireland and so they will discuss castle and fortress with you, but their words are as wooden as any common portcullis and the facts they keep in their minds are like so many dried dates in a box. Ireland, whether past or present, is no aggregate of date and of fact. She is like a breath of God's mouth, and mere print cannot record its sweetness.

But Ireland is also shy. All beauty is shy. There is no screaming boldness in beauty. So Irish twilights are shy, now jade-green, now imperial purple, again rose-grey, soothing and quieting. So Irish sunrises are shy, stealing over the mainland and the hill—gently, unassumingly—like so many tiny steps taken by the glittering golden feet of Irish fairies. And there is shyness in the voice of a shawled young mother, she singing a soft, soft lullaby to the quiet little bundle in her arms and the pearly mists sweeping on in long silken veils from the great lake down below and the homing lambs pattering on the hard, hard road. Past you they run, and, hearing that gentle-hushing young voice, you may think your own thoughts of another Mother and she in the far-off Palestine, shy and humble within a carpenter's home.

And in the strong fresh morning when you go again to the lake, it will spread before you, wide, so wide, a near kinsman to some shoreless sea is that Lough Neagh and there may be a boat for you and many hours, skirting along the shores or else going down the river right into the grey becastled heart of old Antrim, where in a tiny overcrowded shop an aged mother will talk such dignified pride to you; talk about her true dear sons—they far-off in America—and their wives, both from County Mayo, they are, and of their homecoming some day in the future.

And she will tell you, her dark eyes glistening from under her brown shawl, that this homecoming is no dream, but a dear certainty, because the call of Ireland flutes on throughout the world and all her sons come to answer it sooner or later. For a day, or a week, or a month, may be, they return. Always they return. And even if it should happen that their loyalties had been shattered in the interval, Ireland's welcome never lacks in warmth: but then, you see, she is a land of great solitudes and these engender forgiveness more than anything else can.

And they will tell you things in some places; men smoking black twist in their funny little dark pipes, and women peeling potatoes for supper, and old folks spreading their work-hallowed gnarled hands in front of the blue-green peat fires—they will tell you things which may never find any place in dull and heavy history books. Queer things of the past some of them are! Hard armored things about Ulster and Connaught. Soft velvety things from Mayo and Donegal and Armagh! Things, handed down, generation after generation, from the untiring saints of old Ireland.

PATIENCE is there always in what they will tell you and the smell of the peat bogs and the field flowers and the call of the nightbird and the never-failing kindness of God Who loved Ireland unto her own pain. Yes, they all understand that. As though an angel of God's once walked all over Ireland, from Londonderry to Cork, from Galway to Meath, from Kerry to Antrim, from Donegal to Waterford and back again, and, so walking, taught the old folks that pain is but a very rare flower

out of God's own garden. Yes, they understand that and so you need not look astonished when they tell you of anyone and he blessed by God with exceeding grief!

Patience among those folks! Like a fiery scarlet-petalled flower, it had blossomed through the centuries and still blossoms and still puts to shame the hurried impulse, the unfair and cursory judgment, the surface appraisal of alien folks, they coming to Ireland sometimes to marvel and sometimes to pity!

Good God in His heavens, what is there to pity in Ireland? For though she has shaken hands with sorrow and humbleness and shyness, yet she bears her grief like a rare and exquisite jewel, she is humble and shy like a crowned queen, aware of her terrible duties. She is also humble like a little cloistered nun and, surely, such humility should call for no pity. She carries her shyness like a garment spun of so many wonderful threads that no language would be adequate enough merely to name them. Pity? Need there be pity for this, the most beautiful land?

AND not only for what Ireland is, but for what she gives, is she to be specially praised and glowingly remembered. There is no stint in her giving, no bounds to her spirit of sharing. Her twilight mountains, her moonlit roads, her silent blue-steely lakes, her rocks—they standing so still as though yet listening to St. Patrick's refrains—her peat bogs and her potato fields, her woods, eloquent with the matchless silence of trees at eventide, her winding rivers, the galaxy of green and purple, of silver and gold, of violet and blue in her sunsets—all these give, give, give.

Going away, you know yourself to be the richer for having been to Ireland. Moods she gives you—lavishly, almost recklessly—moods such as seem to clean all the long unswept corners in your none-too-worthy soul. Moods, such as are strong enough to make you remember the glory of God's stars, even though your hands and your feet may be bruised with grief you'd rather not talk about and your eyes dim because of the tears you have lost all power to shed. Moods which stir you into, sometimes, uneasy wonderment about the life you have already spent and the paths yet to tread, so that you begin looking round,

willing your feet to step onto the straight road and willing your eyes to shift no longer.

Even more than this will Ireland give you. There is one lullaby running always through her waters and her woods and trembling and shaking in her mountain and breathing in clear golden-blue cadences in her regal lakes. One lullaby, one peerless refrain, carrying the entire purpose of the world's creation, sheltering within itself the one and only answer to all the pain and loss in life.

Love! Love may laugh in Ireland and love may sob there! Yet, whether laughing or crying, it is always love. They will

tell you in Antrim in those quiet evenings when all is so still you can hear the patter of a leaf touching the ground and the sigh of a dog in his kennel outside the farm gates, they will tell you that on such evenings the Lord Christ spreads His seamless coat all over Ireland and hence the peace and the hush. And hence the love, too, for the land, so covered by His coat through the night, remembers its touch by daytime and so love glides throughout the Irish land—love, now wedded to laughter and now to tears, here breaking into a song on some young unproven lips, there coming out in soberer, more tempered accents from the elder wiser folks.

Ireland! Ireland! Always will this name tremble, sweetly and poignantly—a name of music and of remembrance—calling up a blue-rose dawn over Lough Foyle, a rare sunset of cobalt and crimson stealing across Lough Neagh; calling up many a legend of vanished splendors, a gracefully poised bridge, a garland of wild Irish roses, dreams, caught in the flickers of the jade-green peat fire; a voice of a young shawled mother, blue-eyed and tender over the precious little burden in her motionless arms. . . . And, surely, if there is a note of pure music in all names, there lives a rich and lovely symphony in the name of Ireland.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION. By John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. The Century Company, New York and London. \$2.50.

That there should be war between theology and science is little better than a contradiction in terms. Truth cannot contradict truth and as long as theology keeps to her proper sphere as delimited by the Church, so long, that is as theology remains theology and science remains science, their truths are at most no more than complementary. That some overzealous theologians and scientists, carried away by certain fancied implications of this or that new discovery in the scientific field, occasionally rise up and rend one another is not, perhaps, so astonishing, but a calm view may always reassure them. Nevertheless it has been a popular legend for many years that such a warfare existed and it is a healthy sign when scholars who are both theologians and scientists, like Doctor O'Brien, write books like the present volume to disabuse the popular mind of this absurdity.

The note on the cover of his work, provided by the publishers, to the effect that this is the first time a Catholic has frankly discussed from a sympathetic standpoint the bearing of Evolution upon the Christian Faith is, however, quite untrue.

Saint Augustine of Hippo believed in evolution and his discussion of it led him to certain conclusions of which Saint Thomas Aquinas remarked that he accepted them up to a certain point and that after that he remained uncertain. And there have been many others. It would certainly be quite unfair to Father Messenger, who is associated with the Cambridge Summer School movement, to forget his recent volume, and, of course, Doctor O'Brien is the last man to do so.

Ignoring this *faux pas* on the part of the publishers, however—doubtless the urge to advertise a novelty proved too

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

much for them—Doctor O'Brien's book is of first rate importance. The motive underlying his whole work is the search for evidence of a purpose "written into the mosaic of nature . . . by which mind discerns the work of mind," and it must be

said that he has been highly successful.

His first chapter is entitled "Facing the Facts," and this he proceeds to do with the utmost candor as, indeed, why should he not? He goes on to marshal these facts in a manner that can only be described as masterly. His survey of the infinitely complex and infinitely beautiful processes of development, in even the most humble forms of life, will prove a delight to his readers, and it is to be hoped that the volume will prove an eye-opener to many who still retain a sort of "Fundamentalist" idea of the teachings of the Church.

ASPECTS OF THE NEW SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY. By the Associates and former Pupils of Dr. Edward A. Pace, Vice Rector of the Catholic University of America. Edited by Charles A. Hart, Ph.D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.75.

That Scholasticism, and especially its summation in the Thomist Philosophy, is especially adapted to form the basis of Catholic thought in the solution of the problems presented us by the new age, is a proposition of the gravest moment because, if for no other reason, it is a direct challenge to the whole tendency of modern thought.

To modern thought in its general aspects we may appropriately apply the term naturalistic in that it is based on and acknowledges no other sanctions than the deliverances of the natural sciences, and, among these, primarily physics. How inadequate such a basis must prove is amply shown by the confusion into which philosophy outside the Church has fallen, yet in spite of this fact it has become a habit so ingrained that to oppose it directly and aggressively with a system claiming correspondence with Divine Revelation is like awakening one from a slumber full of dreams with the direct thrust of a sword. One of two alterna-

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tives must necessarily follow such an attack; either we arouse it to the most furious and desperate defense or—we slay it.

If, then, the choice lay with us of employing so drastic a remedy, we might be tempted to consider and delay, as indeed, Catholics have been considering and delaying too long before sounding the charge. Fortunately the choice does not lie with us. Since the appearance of Leo XIII's great Encyclical, *Aeterni Patris*, there has been no excuse for Catholics to hesitate in adopting for their guide him who has been declared "The Common Doctor of the Church."

Following that great Pontiff, his successors on the Throne of Peter have further urged a return to St. Thomas upon those who had set themselves the purpose of pressing the teaching of the Church upon an unwilling world and this urgency of the Popes is finding a magnificent response on the part of modern Catholic writers.

Especially is this true in the strong revival of apologetics in Europe so that the publication of a volume such as this in review from the pens of American scholars comes as an encouraging sign of a similar awakening here.

Among the essays that make up this work, which as a whole is a graceful tribute to Dr. Aloysius Pace, Vice Rector of the Catholic University of America, by his associates and former pupils on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, special mention should be made of "The New Physics and Scholasticism," by Dr. Francis Augustine Walsh, "The Purpose of the State," by Dr. Edward F. Murphy, "The Concept of Beauty in St. Thomas Aquinas," by Dr. Gerald B. Phelan, and "The Modern Idea of God," by Dr. Fulton J. Sheen. Especially we should like to point out the essay on the Thomist idea of beauty for the light that it throws on the much discussed subject of modern art.

In spite, however, of the enthusiasm with which this work should be greeted, there is, we think, a certain element lacking, a lack that we should not have to seek too far afield. In his essay on "Neo-Scholasticism in American Catholic Culture," Dr. Charles A. Hart asks the question: "Can it be said that Neo-Scholasticism in America has anything like the place in contemporary thought that it has in France, or Belgium, or Germany, or perhaps even in England?" As his answer is that it has not, may we venture to suggest a reason for this comparative failure to these eminent scholars? In the European countries mentioned by Dr. Hart there has been a very successful attempt to give point to the application of Thomist principles to the most vital and controversial problems of practical life. Authors such as Maritain or Belloc have not hesitated to direct the point of their theses against the most deeply rooted prejudices of their non-Catholic neighbors

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regardless of the reaction. In this country it has, unfortunately, become a habit to handle such matters with very thickly gloved hands. Even the most courageous among us are somewhat fearful of stirring up strife in such a matter as the "exaggerated nationalism" spoken of by Pius XI in his Encyclical, *Caritate Christi Compulsi*, with the result that our writings take on a somewhat too pale cast of academic thought. Venturing yet further, we suggest that when we have grown a little less bashful in the announcement of all the implications of St. Thomas' doctrines, to say nothing of those of the Faith itself, we may deserve a more conspicuous place in the new Renaissance.

THE THINGS THAT ARE NOT CAESAR'S.

By Jacques Maritain.
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

In this day when problems, long thought to possess only an academic interest, are growing to have a pressing practical need for solution, the writings of Jacques Maritain are more and more attracting attention because they present these problems from a profound philosophical position and call to our attention those first principles that have largely been forgotten by men of affairs, yet without which no stable basis for social and political construction can be found.

The Things That Are Not Caesar's, which is a translation of the author's *Primaute du Spirituel*, is a study of one of the half forgotten doctrines of the Church that can hardly fail to come within the range of practical affairs within the next few decades and is likely to prove one of the most bitterly contested issues in the political world.

The doctrine of the "Indirect Power" of the Church, that is the right of the Church to intervene in temporal matters where its own independence or the spiritual welfare of men is at stake, offers controversial matter of the most provocative kind—matter which many Catholics have been too prone to glaze over because of the powerful secular opposition it provokes, especially in this country.

M. Maritain is not one of these timid ones. The doctrine itself is one of those that has been stated and restated many times in Papal pronouncements from the earliest times down to the immediate present and its foundation in reason, its essential justice and the success of its practical application form the theme of his work.

Too much praise cannot be given to M. Maritain's masterly handling of this difficult subject, which he presents with such a marshalling of precedent and with so profound a philosophical basis that its force is irresistible. The author is unquestionably one of the greatest Catholic thinkers of the modern age and his influence is increasing year by year in the shaping of the Catholic program upon

which the world in its distress will, before long, have to depend if it wishes to save itself from catastrophe.

M. Maritain is at one with so many of the writers today, especially Catholic writers, in viewing the crisis in the world's affairs as the prelude to the birth of a new age almost upon us—an age of new problems, of new alignments among the powers of the spirit and the world and of new syntheses of thought. It is of great interest to compare his conclusions with those of Hilaire Belloc and other contemporaries who are dealing with the same subjects in slightly different aspects, most of all, perhaps, with Mr. Belloc who, in his *Survivals and New Arrivals* and *Essays of a Catholic*, points out some actual cases in which, before long, the principle of the "indirect power" may be invoked.

Whatever one's convictions may be, it will be well to acquaint oneself with this principle as presented by M. Maritain.

THE TREASURE OF THE LITURGY. By the Rev. Nicholas Maas, M.A. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$2.25.

The truth of Catholic doctrine is today being attacked with peculiar virulence from all sides, but this is nothing new. The Church, from the earliest days has never ceased to be the subject of virulent attack and has always combined defensive with offensive action. Always there has been the necessity of restating the proofs and today, as ever, that necessity exists.

For us the Word of God is sufficient and more than sufficient, yet this has not prevented the philosophers from seeking supplementary proof in the natural order, and the Doctors of the Church have built up a mighty system of defensive walls about the one central impregnable tower resting upon the Rock of Peter.

But there is yet another proof that many of us are apt to overlook which in itself is conclusive.

Taste in the matter of beauty is in most aspects a fleeting thing and even the greatest masters of literature fade slowly from men's minds. We call such men as Homer, Sophocles and Shakespeare the immortals. It is true in one sense they are for those who are devoted to literature for its own sake. But for the popular mind their works suffer a progressive diminution, for who now is familiar with their works which were once on the tongues of all?

But the words which the Church has adopted for its own use in the Liturgy do not suffer this fate; into them it has infused its own truly immortal vitality and they are as full of inspiration today for the multitude as when they were first said or written or sung.

It is this perennial power in the external worship of the Church that is the proof of the Divine Life within, and the intense interest that the very words of the Liturgy is inspiring in so many of our modern

authors is an example of it. Father Maas' new book, *The Treasure of the Liturgy*, is an admirable reminder to such as may be growing cold of the beauties that the Church keeps forever at hand for our use, of the inspirations that are as much for us as for the men of the heyday of Christendom.

WHENCE THE "BLACK IRISH" OF JAMAICA. By Joseph J. Williams, S. J. Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, New York. \$2.00.

The presence of a large number of Irish names in the Island of Jamaica among what are apparently full blooded negroes has been an enigma of long standing to those familiar with the West Indies and the conglomerate races that dwell there. The obvious explanation that they are the descendants of slaves, who had taken the names of their masters, seems to meet with contradiction by some rather stubborn facts, one of them being the lack of record of any owners of these names among the planters.

The suggestion made by Father Joseph J. Williams, S. J., in this curious and interesting volume, takes us back to the inconceivably brutal policy of Cromwell of deporting Irish men and women to the West Indies as slaves and bond-women for the early settlers. That the Irish blood became gradually intermingled with that of the Negroes, also slaves, is not definitely stated as the solution; indeed, the author leaves the problem still unsolved, but certainly the evidence that he adduces presents strong testimony in favor of this theory.

A large portion of the book is taken up with an account of the Cromwellian atrocities

that read more like the action of a tyrant of the old pagan world than that of one calling himself a Christian, yet which it seems impossible to doubt in the face of the great number of authorities quoted by the author. But, after all, we do not have to stretch our credulity, for the inconceivable malice of the Puritans of that age was but the prelude to the return of paganism into Christendom today.

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE. By Bruce Marshall. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, N. Y. \$2.50.

There have been few stories recently written that have caused so much dispute regarding its meaning and intention as Bruce Marshall's *Father Malachy's Miracle*. There is no dispute as to the quality of the story as a story. No one can read it without realizing what a rattling story it is, but the question is, What does Mr. Marshall mean? Those of graver mind are doubtful, some more than doubtful, if all this mixing of things sacred with things profane does not constitute a subtle attack on the Church. My Lord, Robert Gillespie, Bishop of Midlothian would probably be of this number, but we think he would be wrong.

It is always dangerous to attempt to say just what another man may mean when he writes a story. He generally repudiates you in no uncertain language even though you believe your interpretation to be most sympathetic. The story of the young enthusiast calling on Carlyle to inform him that he had been "lecturing all over England about him" only to be met with the remark: "You have have you; well, it was d— impudent of you," comes as a warn-

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new prayers have been published by a Catholic author at one time, and doubtless this is true. It is certainly a very considerable achievement, especially as Father Garesché has maintained a high standard of devotional power from beginning to end. He is very much to be congratulated on so successful an endeavor.

SIN AND PENANCE. By the Rev. P. Galtier, translated by the Rev. B. Wall, D.D. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$1.35

There is, perhaps, no Christian doctrine around which has waged more constant and fierce warfare than that of sin and its remission. It was the central divergence from the original Catholic belief on the part of Luther and Calvin, and the total of the malignant results of their false teaching is still to be seen growing through a myriad different channels, direct and indirect to this day. Indeed the irresponsibility of men for their sins is the most potent weapon of evil in the hands of those whose aim is the destruction of society in this modern age.

On this doctrine the Church has ever been uncompromising and it is this fact that is drawing the attention of all men of forethought to the Church as the one factor in the world capable of coping with the flood that threatens to engulf us all.

In this work of Father Galtier this essential and saving doctrine is restated at length and in a manner sufficiently simple for all men to understand. No more timely subject could be chosen for exposition today and it is to be hoped that his book will find a wide reading public, not only among Catholics, who need a clear understanding in order to be able to successfully combat the undermining heresies of our times, but among all non-Catholics who, seeing destruction at the gates, know of no place to turn for assistance.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE POPES. Based on the Latest Researches. By Professor Francis X. Seppelt, D.D., and Professor Clement Löffler, Ph.D. Authorized adaptation from the German by Horace A. Frommelt, and Edited by Arthur Preuss. B. Herder & Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$5.00

To sketch the lives of the 260 successors of St. Peter—a period extending over 1900 years—requires a thorough knowledge of Church History. The authors of this book show that they have such knowledge. The manner in which they have treated their vast subject is admirable. Their story runs smoothly and makes most interesting reading, although it must be confessed that only small portions should be read at one sitting, otherwise the effect produced will be a large mental blur. Like participating in a sumptuous banquet, one must be prudent, else one's mental digestion will suffer.

What a marvelous story the history of the Popes is! As one follows the successive

Popes who have sat in the chair of St. Peter and reads of the triumphs and failures, the hopes and the sorrows, the sanctity and, alas! (in a few instances) the moral weakness of the Roman Pontiffs, one is struck by the perpetuity of this institution, which, if merely human, like the dynasties of men, would surely have succumbed to the law which all merely human things must obey. But the Papacy still endures, and it lives today with as great vigor as ever it did in its long life of almost 2000 years. The evidence of something Divine about the Papacy is borne in upon the mind, and when one recalls that Christ, Who immediately instituted the Papacy prophesied that the "gates of hell shall not prevail against it," the reason of its undying life is apparent.

In reading a book of this kind it is inevitable that a difference of opinion will arise with respect to the degree of emphasis placed upon the individual pontificates. But, all in all, we think that the authors have given as true and succinct an account of each Pope as the plan of their book allows. As the History approaches nearer to our times it expands into greater detail. Professor Seppelt contributes the first twenty-six chapters and Professor Löffler the last four. The value of the book is enhanced by a good index. It goes without saying that this volume should be recommended to all students of Church History and should be in the libraries of institutions of higher studies. It will provide an index to the chief events of each pontificate, and indicate wider reading on specific subjects.

ing not to attempt to speak for Mr. Marshall.

But, Mr. Marshall or the world to the contrary, we believe we can speak for the story if only because the story speaks for itself.

And what does the story say? It says a number of things many of which are very beautiful. It says, for instance, that the simple faith that can work miracles is not dead. It says also that so sublime and true a thing as Christianity is careless of the instruments it employs for its advancement, that it leaves to the world the intelligence and culture as represented by the Rev. Humphrey Hamilton and accepts the services of even such comic figures as Canon Geoghegan and Fathers Neary and O'Flaherty as the babes and sucklings out of whose mouths is perfected praise.

But it says something very grim as well. It says that not even a miracle of God will convert the worldly wise who prefer to turn it into a commercial proposition whether they believe in it or not.

No, Mr. Marshall has done the Church a good turn, but he is very hard on the world.

MOMENTS WITH GOD. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Price \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$3.50, according to binding.

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Sisters Lose Their Home

By Leo Berard, C.P.

IT WAS about 1:30 in the morning of April 19. In the street outside the Shenchow Mission there was a great commotion and shouting. The Prefect, Monsignor O'Gara, C.P., awakened and wondered what it was. At the Mission door there was pounding and the ringing of the bell. Father Timothy heard it first as if in a dream; then as the reality foreboding trouble. I, alone on the ground floor and in the room next to the front door, heard nothing. Father Timothy pounded at my door. No use. He then opened it and nervously called out: "Father Leo, get up quick, there is a fire in the convent."

Between the convent and the priests' house is the church, so that we could see only the reflection of the fire over the church roof. In a few minutes we were on the scene and found the convent a blazing furnace. There was no doubt that it would be a complete loss. We had reason for real anxiety, for not more than fifteen feet from the convent and running parallel with it was the church, one of the largest and best in the prefecture.

The church was built some years ago by the Augustinian Fathers. Beyond the church and yet more closely connected with it was the priests' house, and adjoining it the store-rooms and part of the boys' school. Outside the Mission walls were the flimsy frame houses of the natives. We saw visions of the city in ruins.

Something to pray for? Yes, and something that we prayed for at once with all earnestness: that the fire be confined within the four walls of the convent. Providence was benign. Not a breath of air stirred, and the flames and sparks and smoke shot straight upwards to the heavens as if the

brick walls of the building were the smoke-stack of a blast furnace.

Back in August the Sisters of Charity went to Chenki, as they and we all thought, for just a few months while repairs were made on a church wall that was in danger of collapsing. It was an opportune time

to repair the convent and build an addition which was to be used as a novitiate for native aspirants to the sisterhood.

The work was practically finished. A few windows remained to be set, there was a bit of painting to be done here and there, and, of course, a general cleanup was planned before the Sisters and girls would reoccupy the building. We were counting the days when much of the Mission work would be back in the skilful hands of the good Sisters, and we could almost see the new building filled with self-sacrificing Chinese girls preparing to carry on the work of our American nuns.

But it was not to be—at least not immediately. In this new addition the fire started. How, no one knows. The workmen left the building at six o'clock. All the doors were locked. There was no way of gaining entrance to the building except by climbing a high wall.

WHEN first discovered, the entire roof of the new building was a mass of flames. Had Shenchow been a modern city with up-to-date fire apparatus the main building might have been saved. As it was, the fire spread rapidly over the entire roof of both buildings.

Luckily, no one was seriously injured. One of the local policemen was slightly hurt by falling debris. I saw Father Timothy climbing up scaffolding that was still in use for the church wall. Before I realized it, he had broken his way into the blazing building. Burning timbers under a heavy Chinese tile roof! He was in real danger. I called at the top of my voice for him to come out, but it was not until the flames blocked his way that he retreated.



JOSEPH TSU HAS LEARNED THAT A HAPPY SMILE HELPS TO PUT PATIENTS AT THEIR EASE. FOR SEVERAL YEARS HE HAS HELPED THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN THEIR DISPENSARY AT SHENCHOW. HE HAS PROVEN AN INTELLIGENT HELPER. THE SISTERS VALUE HIM HIGHLY.



FATHER TIMOTHY, C.P., MADE AN ATTEMPT TO BREAK THROUGH THE FLAMES TO SAVE SOME OF THE SISTERS' EFFECTS. THE FIRE FORCED HIM BACK. HERE HE IS SHOWN SITTING AMONG THE DEBRIS THAT HAD BEEN PULLED OUT OF THE SISTERS' DISPENSARY.

The doors were locked and he broke several chairs forcing a way through the panels in the hope of saving some of the Sisters' effects.

The problem was how to save the church. Would the convent walls stand up under the terrific heat? If they did there was a chance that the church would not burn. Every possible piece of wood was removed. Carpenters hacked furiously at wooden cupboards and threw the pieces out. Furniture was removed. Even the wooden stairs, doors and shutters were chopped out. Thanks to our former architect and builder, Brother Lambert, C.P., the stone, brick and mortar stood the test of fire even though the woodwork was entirely burned.

I WAS greatly surprised to learn that Shenchow had something in the way of a fire department. We had six fire pumps at work and these saved the church. They didn't come dashing down the street clanging a bell or screeching a weird siren, nor were they powered by steam or gasoline. A dozen strong men pulled them to the burning convent in good time. A fire pump is a marvel indeed, but not the greatest. The wonderful thing about it all was that other men with buckets kept the pumps supplied with water from the river for two hours.

Though there was no modern fire apparatus, everything was conducted in perfect order. The police and fire departments were as well organized and did their work as methodically as any men with similar means in a like situation.

In the confusion no one but myself knew where the keys to the big gates were. I was not aware that they were wanted, and it was some time before the locks were broken and the big wooden doors to the

property swung open. By this time the General had sent down twenty armed men and officers to guard the gates and save us from possible looters. So we have much to be thankful for. We had the fullest co-operation of the military and civil authorities. The Mission men and boys could not have worked harder had the property been their own.

In one corner of the old convent dwelt the women and girls of the Mission school. They were now out in the yard sitting around their scanty belongings, every bit of which was saved. Amongst them were two mothers whose children were down with measles. We packed them and their belongings into the ground floor of the priests' house until morning and ordered early breakfast, for we feared after effects from cold and exposure.

Monsignor O'Gara said a Mass of thanksgiving in the house chapel when it looked as if the church at last was safe. I said Mass in thanksgiving about 5:30, as there was no way of having public Mass in the church due to the disorder, and because many things required all-day and all-night attention. Early in the morning we transferred part of the boys' quarters across the street and started making accommodations for the women and girls. By eight or nine o'clock they were settled in their new home.

The Monsignor wrote to Chenki and asked for two Sisters to come down to help in taking charge of the women's department. The day following the receipt of his letter they were on the way. Within these four compound walls there was energetic action. For three days and two nights carpenters, bricklayers, white-washers, laborers, Mission helpers, and the priests, were rushing around trying to get

things fitted up as best they could for the Sisters. In our house we picked up a pan here and there, a coffee-pot, dishes of one sort or another, chairs, tables, bed, pictures, anything to brighten up the place a bit. I'm afraid Father Timothy and myself took quite a little pride in our ability as house furnishers from our own very limited supply.

The Saturday evening the Sisters arrived a little lad of three, victim of measles, exposure and cholera, left us for a better home. A few months ago I had baptized him at the request of his mother who thought he was not long for this life. A few minutes before he breathed his last I confirmed him. My first confirmation!

Two weeks have passed since Sisters Loretta and Theresa returned, so the Mission is now richer by two good souls sacrificing themselves to help carry on the work of ministering to the souls and bodies of our poor people.

As I stood in the ruins a few days ago a letter was delivered to me from the two Sisters of Charity in Chenki. "It was a great shock to us," they wrote, "as we were planning to return after the feast of Pentecost. Man proposes and God disposes. His Will be done. We lost everything in the fire. When coming here to Chenki, during the repairs to the church, we were under the impression that our stay would be only for three months. We took just what was necessary for that length of time. All we left in the Convent was burned. Our records from the very first day of our coming to Hunan are lost. They can never be replaced!"

There is a record of their work which fire cannot touch. God does not forget. All of us here too know the story of their

early struggles. Arriving in Shenchow, after having been robbed by bandits, the Sisters made the convent a real home. They soon found many opportunities to exercise their charity and their zeal. The sick came to them in great numbers and soon spread word through the town and countryside of the skill and kindness of these Catholic women who were consecrated to God.

The orphanage grew. To many a waif brought in a dying condition to the Sisters the convent was but a stop-over on the way to heaven. From this very spot, during

the days of famine in 1926, scores went to receive a welcome from God. Yet this has been the scene of heartaches as well as of consolations. Will any of the Sisters ever forget the Red Terror that fell across the Mission in 1927 and forced them to leave their home? After months spent in exile, on Chinese soil but far from their Mission, they returned to work with renewed zeal in spite of new obstacles.

Their first Chinese candidate was refused. Other vocations were discovered. An annex was built for a novitiate. Just

as the Sisters were about to return to their home fire completely destroyed it. With the convent in ruins the Mission is under a financial loss which is staggering. But it is one which we have to repair immediately. The need is urgent. The Sisters of Charity have lost everything. But, above all, they need a new home. I hope that generous and prompt assistance will be given them. I hope that every soul that has gone from the convent to heaven will intercede with God that our friends may be moved to make a sacrifice for these noble women and for those under their care.

Vacationing in Hunan

By Nicholas Schneiders, C.P.

WHAT is a vacation? My small dictionary defines it as a cessation from business or study, and as a period of rest. Perhaps it is so. I would not dispute with such an authority as Mr. Webster. I merely want to tell you about six weeks that were not a time of rest, yet were for me an extraordinary vacation. I leave it to you to judge whether the definition should be amended.

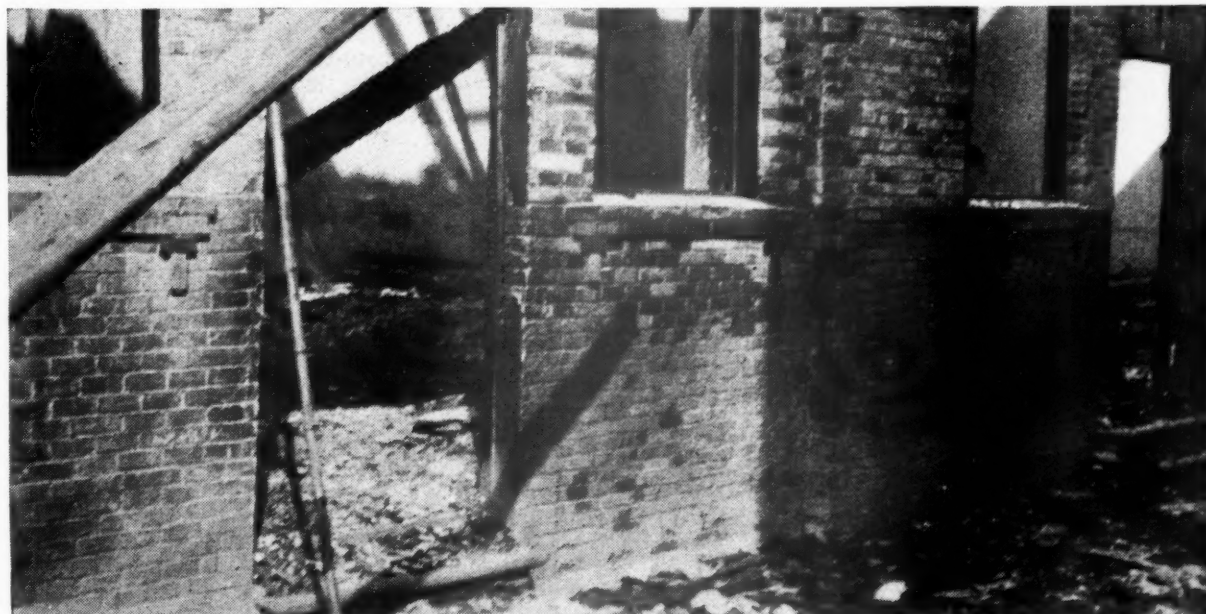
It all came about this way. I had been busily engaged for six or eight months overseeing the building of our Mission of Saint Gabriel at Wangtsun. Such a work, here in the interior of China where material is scarce and labor unskilled, is quite a nerve-racking matter. One must be architect and contractor, superintendent

and timekeeper. Constant worry, a series of difficulties, the squabbles with the workmen, bickering over prices, all had begun to tell on my health. It was decided that Father Basil Bauer, C.P., should return to Wangtsun to relieve me, and that I should go to Shenchow for a month or six weeks' vacation.

I had been told that a certain Father Baumeister, who was en route from the German Fathers' Mission in Kweichow to Hankow, was at Shenchow. Now I had never met Father Baumeister, nor had I ever seen Father Timothy McDermott, C.P. On my arrival at Shenchow I took one look at Father Timothy and decided he was the German Father. I greeted him with a hearty "So this is Father

Baumeister." Father Timothy answered with just as hearty a "Yah." Whilst I was absent for a few minutes, the Fathers decided amongst themselves to keep up the joke. Somehow or other I did not catch on. True, I did marvel at the fluency of Father Baumeister's English, and I was astounded at his knowledge of American slang.

Nor did I even see through the joke when later on I heard Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara remark that his sides were hurting. Ascribing it to indigestion rather than suppressed laughter, I most sympathetically suggested a suitable remedy. Early in the conversation I did ask where Father Timothy was, and I was told glibly that I would see him later. It was not until well on in the evening that Father Timothy



"WE HAVE LOST EVERYTHING," WRITE THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. CLOTHES, FURNITURE, VESTMENTS, BOOKS, EMBROIDERY, SCHOOL SUPPLIES, INVALUABLE RECORDS. ALL ARE GONE." THOUGH THIS PICTURE OF THE RUINED INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT CANNOT TELL THE STORY OF THEIR LOSS, THEIR OWN WORDS REVEAL HOW COMPLETE IT WAS.



THE SISTERS OF CHARITY WHO LOST THEIR HOME WHEN FIRE BROKE OUT AT MIDNIGHT AND DESTROYED THEIR CONVENT IN SHENCHOW. WITH THEM HERE ARE TWO PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATES FOR THEIR COMMUNITY, MARY TSANG AND MELITA YU. MARY HAS JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT HER UNCLE IS TO BE CONSECRATED BISHOP. UNTIL THE CONVENT IS REBUILT THE SISTERS AND THEIR NATIVE POSTULANTS ARE WITHOUT A HOME OF THEIR OWN. THEY NEED PROMPT AND GENEROUS HELP.

revealed his identity when he told me to "snap out of it." Well, the joke had been a good one and enjoyed by all. But henceforth Father Timothy will often hear himself addressed as "Father Baumeister."

THUS began my six weeks' vacation. I had just about settled down in Shenchow, gathered up a half dozen books, borrowed a pipe here and some tobacco there, and made out my vacation schedule, when I was asked to go to Wuki to take care of that Mission for a week or two whilst Father Francis did some special work at Shenchow. So, after three days at headquarters, we started off.

When I say "we," and be this remembered through this account, I do not mean it in the Lindberghian sense—he and his plane; I and my mule. I refer instead to my boy, Xavier Yang, a lad of eighteen who has been helping me for some time. We left Shenchow in a drizzling rain. The weather did not look promising, but I put my trust in a saying of one of our Fathers to the effect that if it rains before seven there will be sunshine after eleven. No doubt! But not until a week later!

What a terrible trip! We had traveled about half the distance when one of the worst blizzards I have ever known struck us. My glasses were covered with sleet. The gale made it impossible for the mules to gallop. The rain formed icicles in my boy's hair for, like so many Chinese here, he doesn't like to wear a hat. About every three miles we had to stop, dry our clothes somewhat over a fire and get warmed

a little. The storm delayed us, of course, and to make matters worse we thought we had lost our way. After traveling about a mile over what seemed to be the wrong road, we decided to go back. At our starting point we found that we had been on the right trail all along.

It was dark when we were still six miles from our destination. We asked one young man we met to show us the way, but he ran for his life, thinking we were bandits. We asked another, and he wanted a dollar for his trouble. I would have given him much more than he asked for, rather than stay out in that bitter cold night, but he finally gave directions for twenty cents.

We reached the Mission tired, cold and hungry. A change of clothes, a fire, and a warm supper soon made us comfortable. Xavier caught a heavy cold, but a day or two in bed cured him. Those were pleasant days I spent in Wuki. Father Francis Flaherty, C.P., the pastor here, is doing splendid work amongst the people of the town, and his zealous labors are showing results. He has a fervent Christianity, the people are well instructed, and there are great hopes that some day almost everyone at Wuki will be a Catholic.

WHILST at this mission I was called to the house of one of the Christians. Paul Li, a baby about two years old, had just died. On the way back from the funeral I was told the baby's history. It is one typical of many babies here in China. A few days after Paul's birth his

mother died. A wet nurse was hired for the little one, but for some reason or other she did not take care of the baby very long. No other could be found, and when the child was but three months old it had no one to feed it. To buy condensed milk was impossible for many reasons. One would have to travel two or three days before coming to a town where it could be bought. Again, the father could not afford to buy it, and probably he would not know how to use it. Fresh milk cannot be had here in the interior of China.

SHORTLY after the mother died the father remarried, and the second wife refused to look after Paul. The little one was taken to the house of the grandparents, who tried to raise him on sugar and water. Little effort to bring up the child would have been made if it had been a girl instead of a boy, and if the grandparents had not been Catholics.

Within three hours after the baby's death he was buried in an empty packing box from America. Even at that he had a better coffin than he would have had if the missionary did not donate that box. I have been told by some in a position to know that eight out of every ten babies born here die before they are a year old. The surprise is that two out of every ten survive the struggle for existence.

After a week or two in Wuki, I received orders to go to Yuanchow whilst Father Anthony Maloney, C.P., the pastor, was away on business at the central Mission. Yuanchow is at the southern end of our district, and to reach it one has to pass two other Missions, Chenki and Kaotsun. Our goal that first day out from Shenchow was Chenki.

This part of the journey was quite pleasant. The weather was fine and we had no trouble along the way. True, once when two soldiers came running towards me, my heart took a few skips, for I thought they were bandits. But they proved to be just old acquaintances who ran over to greet us.

Five miles from our destination my mule, which had been going at a good speed, stopped suddenly. I nearly went over its head. In front of us, blocking the road, lay a man about thirty-five years of age. He was covered with blood almost from head to foot. When we asked what was the trouble he informed us that a day or two previously he had been held up by "small" bandits. "Small" bandits are usually those who use knives only. The big bandits have guns. This man, together with some others, succeeded in driving off the highwaymen, but in the fray he received several severe cuts. There was little we could do for the poor man. We gave him alms and offered to take him to the Mission for treatment; but since he was only a short distance from his home he refused.

At Chenki Fathers Miles, C.P., and Denis, C.P., greeted us warmly. The good

Sisters of Charity were kindness personified. I regretted that I had to leave after three happy days to continue my journey. From Chenki we traveled to the next nearest Mission, Kaotsun. Eight miles from Kaotsun is an out-station, the village of Lanni, attended by Father Cormac Shanahan, C.P. Father Cormac says Mass early Sunday mornings at Kaotsun, then travels eight miles by mule to Lanni and says a second Mass there. He returns to Kaotsun in the afternoon for Benediction. Not infrequently Monday morning finds him again in Lanni.

Father Cormac was at this latter place when I passed through there. He promptly dropped all his business and accompanied me to Kaotsun. I have experienced Father Cormac's hospitality before. As usual, he more than succeeded in making my stay with him pleasant. Whilst at Kaotsun I saw for the first time at close range the methods of a Chinese thief. One night when the missionary was away someone got into the house, by the simple procedure of burning a hole in the door. He was soon discovered. In his haste to make a getaway he left his weapon, a large knife, behind. His loot consisted of an alarm clock, a fountain pen, and a few other articles. The missionary now has the knife as a souvenir and, incidentally, for his own protection against nightly prowlers.

Two days later I was on my way to Fenghwang. This city was a little out of my way but I was very anxious to see Father Flavian Mullins, C.P. whom I knew only by report. I had never met him either in the United States or in China. Moreover, he had but shortly returned from his furlough, and I wanted to get all the latest news of our brethren and friends back home.

I shall ever look upon my short visit to Fenghwang as one of my most pleasant days in China. Father Flavian, as those who have met him will testify, is the soul of geniality. And the talk we had about Missions and Mission methods will stand me in good stead in the days to come. Father Flavian has had many and varied experiences, and his career as a missionary has been most successful. My visit with him proved entertaining and instructive.

APART from one incident, I met with nothing unusual as I journeyed on to Yuanchow. This route is frequently unsafe, so that it is often necessary for the missionary to hire a bodyguard of soldiers. But if I hired soldiers the trip would take two days, whereas without them I could probably make it in half that time. We knew that the first seventeen miles of the trip were safe, and we decided to go that far and then inquire about the rest of the way.

It was market day at Chiang Kou. We asked the people who had come in from the country about the safety of the road. Some said there were no bandits, and others just answered, "Don't know!"

Now when a Chinese, in a case like this, says, "Don't know," it is time to be careful. Those two words are often meant as an evasive way of telling you that there is danger. It might come to the bandits' ears that someone had warned the travelers, and then woe betide the one who told!

WE were in a quandary. I asked Xavier what he thought we should do, but he only answered, "I'm afraid to say." When I asked him the reason, he told me that if he advised going ahead and trouble followed, he'd get the blame; or, if we uselessly hired soldiers, he feared he'd be blamed for that. What were we to do? If we asked the local soldiery about the safety of the roads they, with an eye on some extra money, would certainly urge the necessity of a guard. That would cost quite a bit, would certainly delay us, and might be useless.

Finally we decided that, since there was no definite report of bandits, the best thing to do would be to trust in the Lord, and to rely on the speed of our mules in an emergency. I don't know how many Hail Marys I recited that day and how many heavenly patrons I invoked, but I assure you they were not a few. It seemed to me that I did not have eyes enough to watch the road at right and left, in front and behind. Nothing happened, however, and we arrived safe at Yuanchow.

One thing that impressed me more than all others about the Yuanchow Mission was its fervent Christianity. The grand work done by Father Timothy McDer-

mott, during his eight years there, and by his successors, Fathers Ernest and Anthony, the zealous efforts of the good Sisters of St. Joseph and the unstinting labors of Father Edward McCarthy, have all brought forth fruit in abundance. It was certainly edifying and encouraging to see the Christians of the city come to Mass not only on Sundays but during the week. Some made the Stations daily and came again for prayer each evening.

I noticed how, after Mass on Sunday, this Christian brought her son, who was ill, to be blessed by the priest; that one stayed in church to say some extra prayers. I saw another who had walked almost seven miles during a heavy rain and who, because of the slippery roads could not get to church in time for Mass, go to Confession and Communion after Mass. One brought a stipend for a Mass and another introduced to the priest a pagan who was interested in Christian doctrine. Yet this was not an extraordinary Sunday but, as I was told, was all in the day's work.

TO say that I enjoyed my stay at Yuanchow would be putting it far too mildly. Father Edward, then in charge of the Mission, treated me better than I can recall ever having been treated before. His one anxiety was to make things as comfortable as possible. In the evening, when all the work was done, how we enjoyed our talks together.

Father Edward kept reminding me that I was on a six weeks vacation, and hence just simply would not let me do a thing but enjoy myself. And the Sisters! First



THE QUIET OF LIU LIN CHA HAS OFTEN BEEN DISTURBED BY ROVING TROOPS AND BANDITS. DESPITE THESE CONDITIONS THE VILLAGE HAS MANY EDIFYING CATHOLICS. THE WANG FAMILY, SHOWN HERE, LOST ONE OF THEIR BOYS WHO WAS STUDYING FOR THE PRIESTHOOD. ONE OF THE WANG GIRLS IS A MEMBER OF A COMMUNITY OF NATIVE SISTERS.



FATHER NICHOLAS, C.P., WRITES THAT RECENTLY WHILE TRAVELING HE WAS FRIGHTENED WHEN SOME ARMED MEN RAN TO CATCH UP TO HIM. HE THOUGHT THEY WERE BANDITS. BUT THEY PROVED TO BE OLD SOLDIER ACQUAINTANCES. THE GENERAL IN CHARGE OF NORTHWESTERN HUNAN HAS DONE MUCH TO RAISE THE STANDARD OF DISCIPLINE AMONG SOLDIERS OF THE TYPE SHOWN HERE.

of all, they decided I did not have as much *avordupois* as in days gone by, so they proceeded to give me an intensive treatment for the regaining of lost pounds. They succeeded so well that in a few days I forgot that I had ever been ill or had stood in need of a vacation.

I stayed in Yuanchow about ten days before journeying on the thirty miles to Kienyang. Getting an early start we would have reached the Mission about noon had not one of the mules objected. No one was riding the beast when it finally broke away, but we were unable to catch it, so the trip was slow. It had rained all day and we reached Kienyang both chilly and tired. But Father Dominic, C.P., who was expecting us, had a pleasant fire going and a warm meal waiting, and in short order we forgot the uncomfortableness of the trip.

I arrived at the beginning of Holy Week, as I had planned. We did everything we could to make the services as splendid and complete as possible, from Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday, until the singing of the *Regina Coeli* after Benediction on Easter Sunday. Father Dominic had worked hard to prepare for the various services and his "Sistine Choir" did creditably, indeed. Only those who have ever attempted to train a choir in China can realize what efforts it takes. The Chinese idea of music

and ours seem as far apart as the poles. What is music to our ears sounds just like a crowd of Hebrews at the Wailing Wall to them, whilst much of their music is but an unharmonious racket to us.

ONE incident will illustrate the spirit of the Kienyang Christians. There is an old lady who lives at such a distance from the Mission that she cannot walk to the city. On the greater feasts of the year she hires a chair to bring her to the Mission. Whilst I was there she gave the priest two dollars for two Mass Intentions and ten dollars for the repairs of the Kienyang Church. But in other years she used to come to the priest's office, put a dollar on the desk and ask the missionary to say a Mass for the Holy Father. That taken care of, another dollar would be put down, and this time it would be for the Bishop. Next she would request Masses for the three Passionist Fathers who were killed in China. After that she arranged for a Mass for the former pastor of this Mission, then for the present pastor, and lastly a Mass for her own intentions. Yet this lady is not rich, and the stipends she has given meant sacrifice.

One afternoon I took a walk near the graveyard of Kienyang. The coffins are placed above ground here in China and the soil heaped around them. But this covering is often not more than half a foot thick,

so that at times animals dig into the graves. I saw some horrible sights at this place where the mongrel dogs and most of the pigs of Kienyang congregate.

DURING Holy Week I received a letter telling me that Father Anthony was about to return to his Mission and that I was to come back to Shenchow immediately after Easter. On Easter Monday I went back to Yuanchow, stayed there overnight, and in the morning began the return journey to Kaotsun. Again it rained heavily and the mud roads were very slippery. One of the mules gave out, and the boy and I had to use the other. We rode and walked by turns. Darkness fell when we were still ten or fifteen miles from our destination. For a consideration we got a man with a lantern to show us the rest of the way. We arrived at Kaotsun about ten o'clock and this time had to imitate the thief and break into the house. Father Cormac had left for an out-station, had taken the keys with him, so the only way I could get in was by breaking a window. By the time we got a meal together it was nearly midnight and I had to gulp it down before twelve.

A day or two later we left for Chenki, this time by boat. Father William, C.P., our superior, was there this time. I wanted to stay for a few days, but just after noon of the day following my arrival a sick call came in. Since the message had come from a place on the way to Shenchow, I started out immediately. The sick man was at Pushih, Father Miles' Mission. The good pastor had been called away but he had left his keys with the catechist, together with a letter of welcome to any of the Fathers who might pass through the town. We stayed at Father Miles' Mission overnight, and after Mass in the morning left for Shenchow, where we arrived the same evening.

The first question I asked the Rt. Reverend Prefect was, "Where do I go from here?" Much to my astonishment I received the answer, "I don't know." It had not yet been decided where I was to be stationed. In the meanwhile however, I was to go back to Yungshun and await further orders there. The next day we started out once more, this time by boat. To reach Wangtsun, a matter of but sixty miles, took us almost five days! It was whilst on this boat that I began the writing of this account. The most comfortable position I could find was to sit on the floor and put my typewriter before me on an empty box of Heinz' 57 Varieties. But if I put my legs straight out they soon began to hurt, and if I pulled them in they got in my way, so I soon gave up the attempt.

We stayed but one day at Wangtsun, traveling on by chair to Yungshun. A week later I received my appointment to Liu Lin Cha. The whole trip was made by sampan, and since we were going down river we were able to travel at good speed.

At one point we were interested in watching the fishermen and their methods. Some sort of vegetable is put in the water, which numbs or kills the fish so that before long they come floating to the top. At another place it was very amusing to see a species of crow hovering about our boat. It circled around and around until the boatman threw a bit of cooked rice which the bird caught in the air and then flew away.

Thus ended my six weeks vacation and my journey of seven hundred and thirty four miles. Do you wonder that I question the definition of a vacation as a period

of rest? Or perhaps you would reply that there is nothing wrong with the definition but that we here in China have some strange notions. Whatever the case may be, I do not regret my vacation. Although I had all the travel I cared for, I know that trip, besides its physical benefits, has given me a wider outlook on Missions and Mission problems.

The kindness I experienced from my brethren has made them dearer to me and has made me happy to be associated with them on the Missions. I feel that the charity shown me, the experience gained, the

information gathered, the lessons learned, will all stand me in good stead and will be of untold benefit to me in my work here.

Later on I hope to tell the readers of THE SIGN something of the place where I am now stationed. I plead your prayers that God may bless my efforts in His Cause in the new field to which I have been assigned. Pray that the zealous work of my predecessor here, Father Dunstan Thomas, C.P., may bring forth much fruit, and that I may worthily carry on his work here in the interests of Christ and Him Crucified.

Told to a Troubled Flock

By Dunstan Thomas, C.P.

I WONDERED if in all the world there was a spot seemingly more peaceful than Liu Lin Cha. Villagers and folk from the countryside were chanting their thanksgiving after Mass on a Sunday morning in my little chapel. Unhurried, persistent, with a cadenced rhythm like that of encroaching waves, their prayers surged up to God. I met them afterwards as they straggled out of church, the women pulling the cloth veils from their heads, the men reaching for their tobacco pouches.

They all seemed strangely serious and they made no move to be off to their homes, though none of them had breakfasted. I knew what was on their minds. We had it on good authority that a whole division had broken away from the regular army and was cutting southward. In a few days these troops would pass through our village. Since this was the outstanding division during the days of Red control, we wondered how they would now act. One young man gave a hint about the thoughts of my flock when he remarked, "These same soldiers killed some Christians in 1927, didn't they?"

I answered, "I do not think there will be any trouble at all this time with these troops. But China has had its martyrs from the beginning. If anything serious happens we have examples of courage that should hearten all of us."

"Will you tell us more of those tales from what you call 'China's Golden Legend?'" the young man asked.

"All right, Joseph, and the very first story is going to be about one whose name you bear. Joseph Liu was a carpenter like his holy patron. He was the only Christian in his village. Though he had been baptized but three months, he was extraordinarily fervent, praying even at his work. When he heard that the Boxers were approaching he fled to Ti Chang and hid in the home of a pagan friend. Every day his friend pressed him to apostatize, until he could bear it no longer. So he

fled to another hiding place. He hadn't gotten very far when he was caught. The Boxers took him to a big pagoda near-by and tortured him to make him deny his faith. They cut his arms, tore all the skin off his body, then hung him up by the feet to cut off his head.

"A WHOLE village owes its conversion to this brave witness of Christ. The pagan mayor of the village was dying. Joseph, who had been a friend of his, appeared to him one night, saying, 'My friend,

become a Christian and encourage everyone in your family to do the same.' The mayor received the grace to die a Catholic. His family and many of the villagers embraced the faith.

"Paul Hou was converted by his wife a short time before the coming of the Boxers. When the persecution broke out he was away from home on a journey. While he was dining in a restaurant one day the Boxers suddenly came. 'Are you a Christian?' they asked. Thus Paul was put in a position to confess the faith.



THESE HAPPY CHILDREN AT THE CENTRAL MISSION HAVE LOST THEIR ORPHANAGE IN THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SHENCHOW CONVENT. THEY HAVE BEEN CROWDED INTO TEMPORARY QUARTERS IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MISSION UNTIL A NEW ORPHANAGE IS BUILT. THE SISTERS ARE MUCH MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THESE TOTS THAN ABOUT THEMSELVES.



AT WHITE CREEK ON THE ROAD TO WANGTSUN MONSIGNOR O'GARA, C.P., IN THE FOREGROUND HERE, AND FATHER LEO, C.P. PAUSE FOR A WELCOME LUNCH. IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT THEY ARE DRESSED FOR HARD TRAVELLING. LONG GOWNS MUST BE DISCARDED ON THIS EXACTING TRAIL THAT STRUGGLES UP STEEP MOUNTAINS AND CROSSES UNTAMED STREAMS.

Without hesitation he answered, 'I am.' The Boxers appeared to have no further interest in him, but, after he left, three of them followed him. When they were well into the country the three fell on Paul and wounded him fatally. A kind pagan working in a near-by field ran up to Paul and, seeing how badly he was wounded, carried him into his own hut.

"The dying Christian lived twelve hours, suffering terribly, but repeating constantly the holy names of Jesus and Mary. Then he begged the good pagan Samaritan to bury him immediately on his death and to notify his wife at once. After a year, when peace had been restored in that section, Paul's widow and family came to carry the holy remains of the martyr to the family cemetery. They were overjoyed to find the body remarkably well preserved.

"Another Paul, whose family name is Pei, is called one of the greatest martyrs in the records. On July 1, 1900, the Boxers seized him and carried him off to their camp. There they tried every means to make him apostatize, but all in vain. Paul, far from yielding to them, kept up his courage by praying, and when he had the chance and people were willing to listen, he preached. This exasperated the Boxers so much that as a last resort to make him apostatize they brought him to a shrine in a near-by field and commanded him to say he was not a Christian.

"I would rather die a thousand deaths than apostatize,' he replied fearlessly. Then began the terrible tortures. First

they poured boiling water into his mouth, then on his head causing his hair to fall out. Paul was silent. They stripped him and hung him up by his hands and feet. Sticks of incense were thrust into him and lighted. But the most fearful torment was reserved till the end. This consisted in cutting out parts of his body and pouring in kerosine oil to which a lighted match was applied.

"The Boxers looked on hoping to see the martyr writhe and cry out in agony, but he was calm and even smiling. He prayed aloud, saying, 'Very soon I shall go to see my God in heaven.' A Christian who was hiding in the crowd said he heard Paul say, 'By increasing my sufferings you are giving me more presents to offer to my King.' Finally the Boxers cut off the martyr's head and thus a new member of the red-robed company joined his brothers in heaven."

MY stories were interrupted. Joseph had been listening attentively but he now remarked, "These men must have been very holy even before the persecution started. It would not be as easy for us."

"True enough," I answered him, "martyrdom is usually the privilege of fervent souls. Such a one was Barbara Tsoei whose son is now a Prefect Apostolic. She was a sweet and pious old lady who loved to take care of the altars in church. Her special devotion was to St. Joseph, and it took a very practical turn in her kindness to the poor. On one occasion she actually took a beggar into her household and

taught him the catechism until he was ready for baptism. She and half her family were killed in hatred of the Faith.

"But on the other hand, Joseph, sometimes even a hardened sinner has a chance to prove himself by dying a martyr's death. John Baptist Tien had been an inveterate opium smoker before his conversion and even after his baptism he relapsed several times. He was having such a time of it to observe the Commandments that he said the only way for him to get to heaven would be by martyrdom. He prayed daily to the Blessed Virgin for this grace. On July 12, he fell a victim to the fury of the Boxers.

"EVEN catechumens gained the same grace. Remarkable among these was Tsang Hoai Lou, a man fifty-seven years old. I guess we could call him 'the man whom no one wanted.' He made a serious study of his prayers and catechism but his memory was too faulty. He could remember very little. To make up for his ignorance he loved to kneel with the children during prayer time. They prayed well from memory and kept a certain swing to their words. Tsang, when he felt sure of himself, would join in but it annoyed some of the children to hear his raspy, high voice. All he got for his pains was their displeasure and sarcasm. But this didn't discourage Tsang who said, 'I want to love God. He can save me without prayers and the catechism.'

"On July 1, 1900, the Christians were surrounded. At first the Boxers were satisfied in taxing them without exacting apostasy. Tsang wanted to pay like the others. 'I am not baptized, but I am a Christian just the same,' he said.

"On July 8, the Boxers declared that the Christians would either have to apostatize or die. The pagans wanted to save Tsang and cried out excitedly to the Boxers, 'This man isn't baptized. He should be let off.' 'He doesn't even know his prayers,' added a Christian who was passing by. Poor old Tsang blushed for shame when he heard this, but he didn't lose courage. He turned to the Boxers and said, 'Gentlemen, believe me, I am a Christian. I adore the God of the Christians. The proof is I have paid the tax like all the Christians.' This was all that the Boxers wanted to know. One of them gave Tsang a fierce punch in the stomach which sent him sprawling on the ground, while the others drew their sabers and sent them through the body of this simple and good catechumen. One more stroke and Tsang's head rolled away a few inches. He was baptized in his own blood.

"Another case in which a future martyr was disowned by both Christians and pagans is most interesting. A lad of seventeen of the Ki family wanted to become a Christian so he set himself to the task of learning his catechism and prayers. It was doubly difficult for him since he didn't know characters well. His family

and friends frowned down on him because there was then a general persecution of Christians in full force. They all begged him to wait a while before becoming a Christian and used every argument to turn him from his resolute intention.

"The young man turned a deaf ear to all the remonstrances of family and friends and was cast out from his own home. Nobody would talk to him. He was constantly suffering some form or other of annoyance. At New Year's time every Chinese, rich or poor, eats special cakes as part of the New Year's celebration. When the New Year came the whole family began tormenting the fervent catechumen. They told him, 'Today we are all going to the temple to offer sacrifice. You have got to come along and do your duty or you won't eat cakes.' 'Alright then, I won't eat cakes,' he said, 'but I certainly won't go to the temple.' His family wouldn't give him anything to eat that day, so he had to fast.

"**PROVIDENCE** had still another trial for him. The Boxers were approaching and the Christians of his village resolved to flee. The leaders of this little Christian band, in order to avoid all treason, had decided to refuse recognition to all unbaptized catechumens. The Ki boy fell under this category. So he was excluded from the band of fugitives. He was abandoned by all. He doubted his strength to hold out at home and decided to go into exile. There was a welcome for him in the Lou family. But his father soon discovered his whereabouts and wrote him a letter, promising that nobody would



HAND LABOR ENTERS INTO ALL BUILDING PROJECTS IN HUNAN. THE STONE-CUTTER PICTURED HERE CHIPPING AWAY PATIENTLY AT THIS SLAB BELONGS TO A STONE-CUTTERS' GUILD. BUT EVEN WITH ORGANIZED UNIONS THEY CANNOT COMMAND A HIGH WAGE.

trouble him further. Always a scrupulous observer of the fourth Commandment, the lad set out at once.

"He was about twenty miles from home when a band of Boxers fell on him and commanded him to make prostrations in the neighboring temple. He resolutely refused. Then the bandits bound him with ropes dragging him along like a



MONSIGNOR CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., LOOKS OUT FROM A TEMPLE WINDOW ACROSS THE YUAN RIVER TO SHENCHOW. THE VIEW IS ONE THAT SHOWS EVIDENCE OF THE STRUGGLE OF THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD IN CHINA. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE CATHOLIC MISSION AND BESIDE IT THE CONVENT AS IT LOOKED BEFORE THE FIRE. ON THE HILL BEHIND IS ONE OF THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN TOWN. TO THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT OF OUR OWN MISSION ARE BUDDHIST AND TAOIST TEMPLES.

beast to the village. Ki, while passing by his house, greeted his mother, but she hardly noticed him. He saw the village church and the cross on top and asked permission to prostrate to the cross. His captors granted his request. After a short prayer Ki got up and followed the bandits until they came to the village square, the place chosen to kill him.

"He knelt down, made the sign of the cross and said, 'Now, do with me as you want.' They began by cutting his right arm. Ki thought they were going to cut him in small pieces as he had seen so many of his friends suffer and cried out, 'Cut me into as many pieces as you want to. Each piece will be Christian!' The Boxers on hearing these words were furious. They all rushed on him cutting him to shreds. Today Ki's whole family is Christian."

AT the very first pause in my narrative an old lady, who had pushed herself through the circle that surrounded me, thrust out her two hands and asked: "And the women who laid down their lives were not few either, were they, Father?"

"No indeed. They ranged in age too, from young girls to tottering grandmothers. Madeline Kao was a tireless catechist for

years. Her life of zeal ended with a martyrdom which she much desired, when she was over seventy. Like her lady, Lou was advanced in years. The story of her meeting with the Boxers reveals a remarkably cheerful and courageous spirit.

"You are a Christian,' they said to her, noticing she wore a scapular. 'You will have to apostatize or we shall bury you alive in that ditch by the road.' 'O, how fortunate!' she exclaimed rather unconcernedly. 'It just happens I have no heirs to bother about my funeral. If you care to do me this favor—' But before she could finish what she had to say the enraged Boxers fell on her, threw her headlong into the ditch, burying her alive, while she was seen kissing her scapular. Two of the Boxers afterwards had the grace to become Christians.

"**LOVED** and honored by all the Christians of her district was Rose Wang. For twenty years she gave instructions in catechism. The Boxers hated her for the many conversions she made and were looking for her everywhere. Rose had many narrow escapes from them as she fled from one hiding place to another. At times she lay in rice fields near the Imperial Canal and suffered much from privation and exposure. She found this refuge too dangerous and fled to an ill-smelling swamp with a companion. She felt her end approaching and was rejoicing interiorly.

"On the Feast of the Assumption a group of country lads playing near her hiding place found her half dead from



THE SEDAN CHAIR HAS LONG BEEN IN USE IN CHINA. IT IS NOT AS LUXURIOUS NOR COMFORTABLE A MEANS OF TRAVEL AS ITS NAME WOULD SEEM TO IMPLY. THE SEDAN CHAIR IN MANY CASES IS SIMPLY A BAMBOO FRAME, COVERED WITH A CLOTH THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE WATER-PROOF. ITS SUPPORTING POLES ARE SWUNG OVER THE SHOULDERS OF COOLIES WHO CARRY THEIR HUMAN FREIGHT ALL DAY LONG. WHERE TRAILS ARE VERY HARD OR THEIR PASSENGER VERY HEAVY THE COOLIES WORK IN SHIFTS.

fatigue and starvation. They promised to save her if she would sacrifice her virtue. Though she was hardly able to speak she found enough strength to say, 'I am a daughter of God, don't you dare to touch me.' They handed her over to the Boxers who, with satanic rage, drove their sabers through her pure body and threw it into the Imperial Canal.

"At Tang Keo all the Christians had fled except Peter Liu who remained in the compound to take care of the Mission. Next day his pagan friends came and tried to make him apostatize. They meant well, though their charity was misdirected. They called Peter's invincible perseverance colossal obstinacy. By midnight the pagans, realizing the uselessness of further argument, reported to the mandarin that Peter was beyond appeal to reason. He had drunk the drug of folly. The mandarin was told to seize him at once in order not to compromise the whole village.

"This official, whose family name was Liu, hated the Christians. A few days before in the village inn he had said, 'Either this Christian religion will perish in this village or I'll perish.' God took him at his word. Next day the mandarin gave orders to have all the heads of families congregate in the pagan school.

"He asked if there were any more Chris-

tians in the village, since their religion was proscribed.

"They have all gone away,' spoke up a villager. 'Not a single one remains.'

"Yes, there is,' spoke up an old man, 'his name is Liu Tze Yu.'

"Go and fetch him then,' cried the mandarin in rage.

"But Peter was not in the Mission. The old informer was wild with rage. He took Peter's pagan nephew aside and said to him, 'If you don't bring back your uncle at once you will die in his place.' The nephew knew where his uncle was hiding and went directly to tell him what the old informer had threatened. Peter, seeing how frightened his nephew was, said to him, 'Don't tremble like that, son. I am going at once.' His hiding place was near the road.

"PETER stepped on the road just as the mandarin was passing by with a bonze. The mandarin pounced on Peter and asked, 'Are you the Christian?' 'I am,' replied Peter. 'Then apostatize!' shouted the mandarin. 'I will not apostatize,' retorted Peter courageously. Then the mandarin commanded the bonze to direct the execution and got into his cart and drove off without seeing the end.

"Peter knew the happy hour had come. Smiling, he knelt down and offered his

head to the executioner who with one stroke of the saber sent him to his reward. The bonze immediately seized a long knife and cut out Peter's heart, showing it to the mandarin and the pagans. The mandarin said, 'The Christian religion is dead here.'

"But the mandarin's turn came to die. Soon afterwards he was caught stealing the public funds and was executed. Such is the irony of fate. The very day his family was carrying his corpse to the village, the Christians were coming through the town from Tang Keo. Peace had been reestablished. The Boxers were crushed. The Christian religion forged ahead. Once again the Galilean had conquered."

I had kept them much longer than I had anticipated. Though they were listening with interest, I said, "And now you had better go home. I have kept you long past your rice time."

As they walked away after a chorus of "Thank you, Father," I thought of this flock of mine who had taken courage from these tales of their own countrymen and women who had given everything for the Faith. I believe it was Saint Angela who wrote: "The Passion of Christ endures to the end of the world." Isn't it true that these Chinese witnesses to the Faith in their native land had much in their martyrdom that reminds us of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ?

I TALK TO MYSELF

AN INFORMAL MEDITATION BY THE EDITOR

FROM time to time I have been asked: Is it really worth while to work so hard and to sacrifice so much for the conversion of the Chinese people?

I answer: IT IS.

There is no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw any color-line.

Why should I?

My Lord Jesus Christ died for the Chinese as well as for me. They have as much right to His Redemption as I myself have.

If I really love Him, I will do what I can for the salvation of all souls.

Nor will I count the cost. Nor will I be disappointed if the results of my work are meagre.

Duty and today are mine. Results and the future are with God.

I have a personal obligation to extend the Kingdom of Christ. I have today to do that duty in.

In doing it I become a coworker with Christ. Can there be any higher honor for His professed follower?

To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission. It is to waste an opportunity for which I am personally responsible.

It is worse than that. It is to forfeit the high privilege of working for Christ and with Christ.

He puts Himself under an obligation to me. In a very true sense His success depends upon my coöperation with Him.

Not only does He condescend to accept my service. He actually needs it.

Christ really needs the likes of me.

There is a certain something that I can do for Him that no one else can do.

Will I do it? If I don't do it, it won't be done.

Now, who am I? I am a Catholic. I believe in Jesus Christ.

In spite of all my sins, I hope that I have a little love for Him.

I am the reader of this notice. And I know something of what the good Passionist Missionaries are doing for God in China.

I most heartily approve of their work and I do sincerely hope that their labors will be abundantly blessed.

I appreciate the many and great sacrifices they are so generously making to spread Christ's kingdom.

But my mere approving appreciation will mean little, if anything. I can make it mean much by turning it into spiritual and material help.

I can pray for them. They say that they need many prayers.

I can give them some money, if only a trifle, for the upbuilding of their chapels, schools and hospitals.

The Missionaries will be grateful. They will pay me back in the coin that counts—their prayers, sacrifices and Masses.

Long after I am dead and forgotten, even by my very own, their prayers and those of their successors will commend me to God.

TO PLANT Christ's Cross in China is the ambition of these Missionaries. Could there be a more worthy one? It must and does appeal to me.

I have done some things against Christ. Here is my opportunity of doing something for Him.

The something I do may not be much. But it will be something. And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him.

Before I forget it, I will copy out the address. Here it is:

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED
[LEGAL TITLE]

Care of THE SIGN

UNION CITY

NEW JERSEY

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

Masses Said.....	3
Masses Heard.....	23,742
Holy Communions.....	15,815
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	35,681
Spiritual Communions.....	62,928
Benediction Services.....	8,911
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	32,162
Stations of the Cross.....	9,095
Visits to the Crucifix.....	26,782
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	19,390
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	116,897
Visits to Our Lady.....	24,932
Rosaries.....	29,311
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	4,102
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	1,614,674
Hours of Study, Reading.....	21,997
Hours of Labor.....	39,366
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	25,273
Acts of Zeal.....	20,955
Prayers, Devotions.....	179,081
Hours of Silence.....	27,269
Various Works.....	55,347
Holy Hours.....	410

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecl. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. A. J. REYNOLDS
REV. AGATHO ROLF
REV. FRANCIS P. DUFFY
SR. M. DIONESIA, O. S. B.
SR. M. STANISLAUS GUIAND
SR. M. FLORA MCHUGH
SR. M. GUISEPP
SR. M. MODESTA
SR. M. ELIMA
SR. M. GERTRUDE
MOTHER MARY MICHAEL
SR. M. CAMILLA
EDWARD FLYNN
JOHN H. GIPPERICH
ELLEN C. QUINLAN
PATRICK BAIN
MARY A. KOHL
KATHARINE BRENNAN
MARGARET T. GORMAN
ELIZABETH SULLIVAN
LORETTA DeNYSE
ANDREW HILDENBRANDT
FRANCES C. MCBRIDE
JAMES CARR, M. D.
MARJORIE CARROLL
BERNARD CALLANAN
MRS. M. F. CAHILL

MARY DWYER
MARGARET CRONE
MR. J. L. DENNIS
MR. L. W. SCHLEE
MR. COLEY
JANE McALLISTER
THERESA CALLAHAN
EILEEN M. WHITE
EMMA F. GULLIVAN
JOHN CUNNINGHAM
MARY J. PAGAN
PEARL HANEY
MARY RILEY
MARY E. ROCHE
HUGH PRYOR
MARY CANAVAN
ELIZABETH VEITH
MRS. S. H. ROSENSTEEL
MRS. WM. FLANAGAN
ANNA CASSIDY
JOHN H. POWER
MARY A. JOHNSTON
MARY DAVIS
MRS. J. W. JENKINS
ANNE BRUNNER
MR. E. B. O'BRIEN
E. J. HART
AMELIA K. SCHEMMA
DR. CECOS
WALTER E. STANTON, SR.
GEORGE F. WELCH
MARGARET F. L. BRADY
CORNELIUS TOOMEY
MR. P. J. GERROIR
ADELINE BOVE
MR. BUTLER
MARY DALY
THOMAS GILLEN

MARGARET GILLEN
ARCADE COMEAU
JOHN F. REARDON
MRS. JOHN MCGREY
HANNAH DALEY
MARY J. MILLER
NELLIE POLEY
MRS. J. A. MURRAY
ROSE LANGE
MRS. J. H. BUEGER
E. J. FOGGENBURG
MARY L. HORAN
ANASTASIA CAMPBELL
ALICE G. MURPHY
MARY WEBER
SUSAN C. KIERNAN
BRIDGET A. NORTON
MARGARET M. CROWLEY
ROSE GILL
FRANK A. KEFFER
JOHN MURRAY
HENRIETTA HUGHES
CHARLES W. FAY
VERONICA W. JACKSON
MARGARET CULLINAN
PATRICK H. MCCORMICK
HARRY HUMPHREY
MRS. H. F. MEYLER
MARY E. MEYER
ALPHONSUS J. MYERS
ELLEN ROCKETT
MRS. H. P. DONNELLY
MRS. HOWARD J. KOHLE
IDA GLYNN LYNCH
MARIA J. CAMPBELL
KATHERINE McDONALD
CLARA M. HALL
MRS. JOHN KUPPICH

JOSEPH C. REDDING
MR. HAYES
MARY M. HAMILTON
MARY M. DONNOLLY
ANGELA M. ORLANDO
CATHERINE BOE
ELSIE BERNIER
ERMINIA VIGNATI
FRANCES STONE
EMMA SHELLEY
BRIDGET BURKE
MRS. M. T. CONNELLY
ELLEN HERLIHY
HENRY GALLAGHER
ROSE MURPHY
MICHAEL GARVEY
LILLY ZUENKELER
WILLIAM F. KOERTS
MICHAEL MEADE
MRS. JOHN REYNOLDS
CHARLES O'DONNELL
ISABELLA CURRY
WILLIAM MONAHAN
JULIA MCCOY
JOAN WALSH

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
Amen.

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19

*Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....*

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of {\$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A
LIFE INCOME

6% to 9%

HELP CHRIST'S
CAUSE

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

* * *

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

* * *

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

* * *

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

* * *

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

* * *

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

* * *

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

* * *

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

* * *

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or
make a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

* * *

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

* * *

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

* * *

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

* * *

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

